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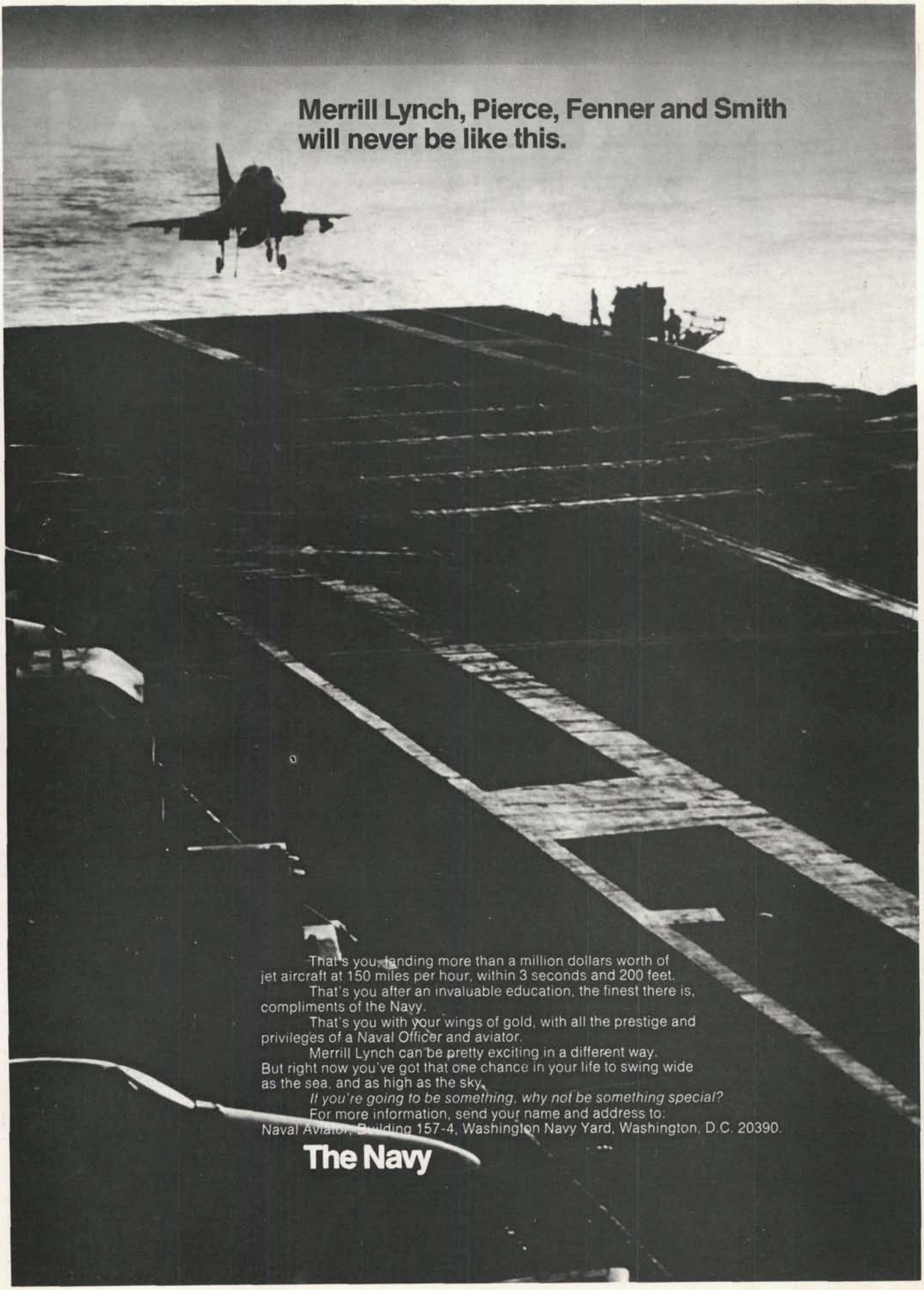
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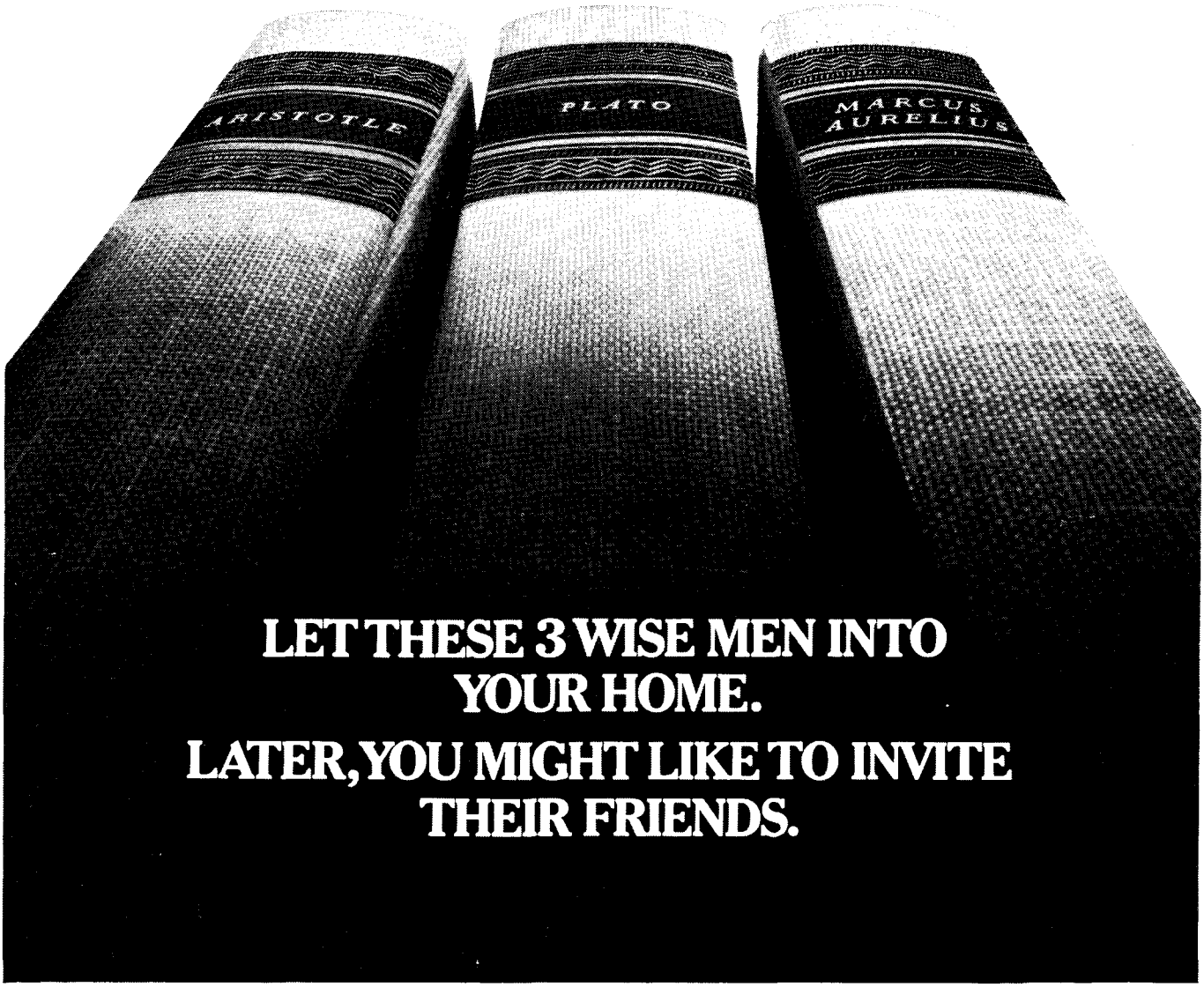

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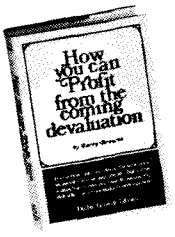

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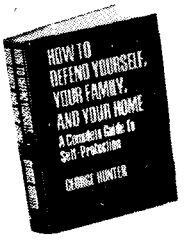

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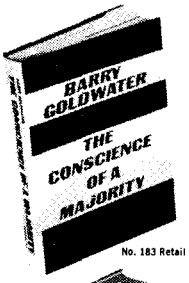

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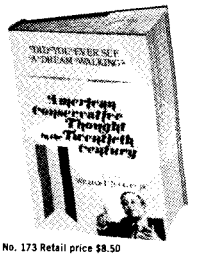

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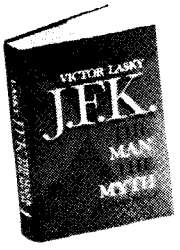

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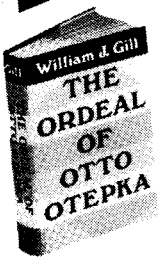

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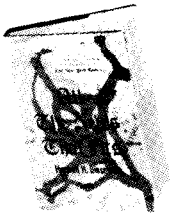

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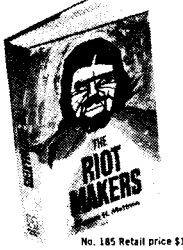

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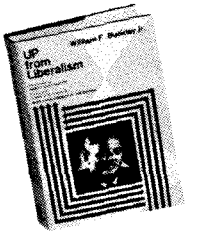

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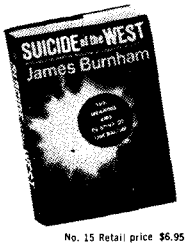

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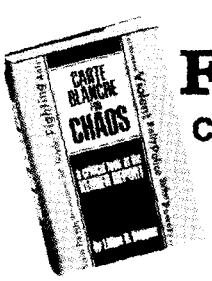

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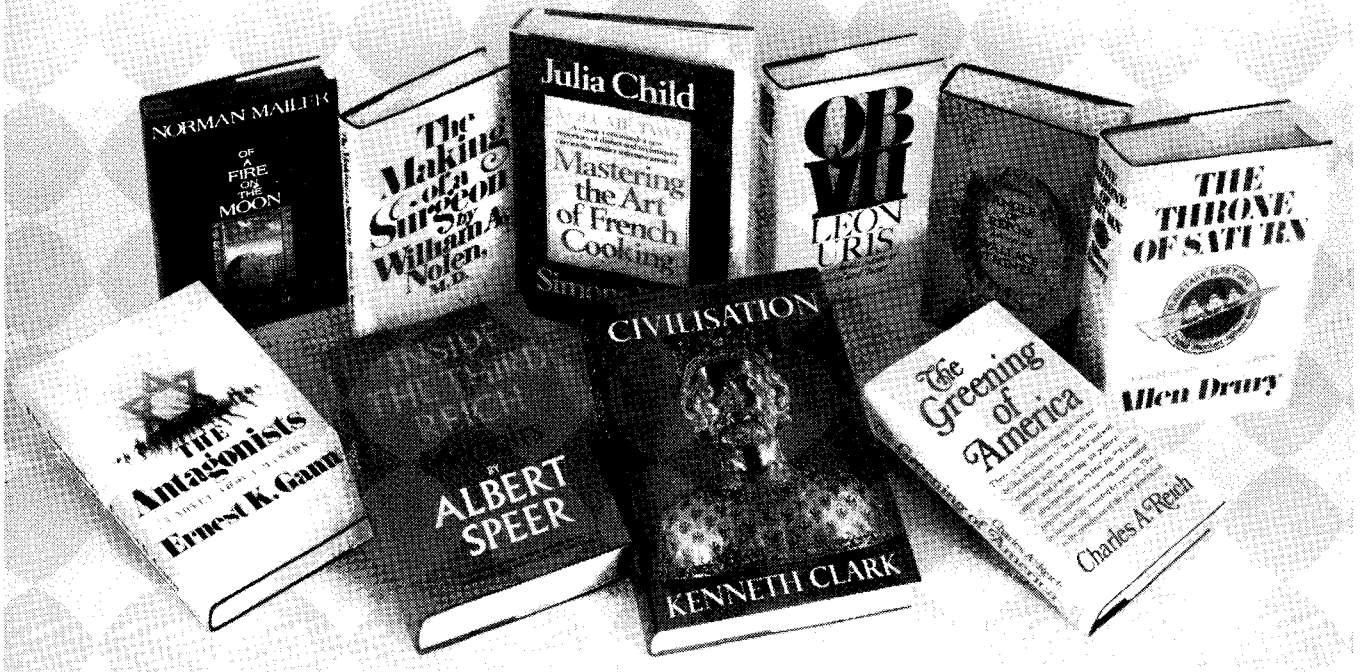

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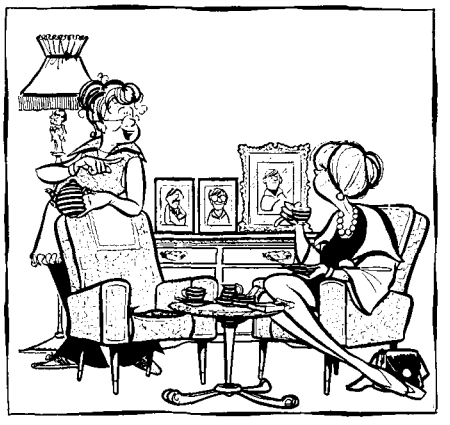
FOR THE RECORD

■ **John W. Gardner**'s Common Cause is billed as a nonpartisan "citizens' lobby group." But how nonpartisan? Nonpartisan enough so that there was one (1) Republican list only, among the scores used in its massive member-recruiting drive: the list of the superliberal Republican **Ripon Society**. Story came out when it was revealed that the Democratic National Committee was using Common Cause's list in its current fund-raising fandango. . . . New Common Cause aides: 1) **Sam Brown**, **Eugene McCarthy**'s Children's Crusade organizer, and co-chairman of the New Mobilization Committee that mounted the big November 15 Moratorium in Washington in 1969. And 2) **John T. Conway**, former executive assistant to **Walter Reuther**, who has been appointed president. . . . **Stephen Schlesinger**'s fact-packed *New Democrat* (a magazine founded to move the Democratic Party left), reports former Congressman **Allard Lowenstein** (he lost in Nov.) will succeed the Rev. **Joseph Duffey** as head of ADA (Duffey also lost in Nov., to Sen. **Lowell Weicker**). . . . Sen. **Edmund Muskie** spoke at a Duffey dinner in Connecticut a couple of weeks ago to raise funds to help pay off the campaign debt, and bombed. His speech, say attendees, was too long, too pedantic, no fun. . . . On conservative side, Maryland State Senator **Bob Bauman** (former YAF national chairman, present second vice chairman of ACU) has formally entered race for Rep. **Rogers Morton**'s former Maryland congressional seat, is given good chance against Morton's candidate, **William Mills**. Mills has one thing going against him in Republican primary: he was a registered Democrat until November 1970. . . . Another early YAFer, **M. Stanton Evans**, editor of *Indianapolis News* and regular *NR* columnist ("At Home," *NR Bulletin*), has been named chairman of ACU, replacing Congressman **John Ashbrook** (R., Ohio). . . . **YAF** is mounting a drive on eight hundred college campuses against the "People's Peace Treaty" that is being circulated by the **National Student Association**. "People's Peace Treaty" was signed in Hanoi by NSA president **David Ifshin** just before Christmas, and follows the Hanoi line all the way. . . . A couple of statistics you may not read elsewhere: In first fortnight of Laos drive, **North Vietnam** lost enough rice to feed 37 battalions for a month, lost eight hundred tons of ammunition, enough heavy weapons to supply three battalions.



Jones, *Toronto Telegram* Ben Roth Agency

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■ Will he or won't he: **Evans** and **Novak** say they're "just about sure" that **John Lindsay** will turn Democrat very soon now. . . . **Jeff Greenfield** (former Lindsay speechwriter, present *Firing Line* panelist) says he thinks Lindsay will "switch and run . . . [and grab] the gold ring. I don't believe he will ride by without reaching for it. And I think he has a shot at getting it." . . . Ripon *Forum*'s annual popularity poll among its readers (liberal Republicans) finds Lindsay still head of list, with 20 per cent of vote (off from 36 a year ago) and John W. Gardner second, **Rocky** third, Muskie fourth, **Percy** fifth. . . . Another Republican maverick, California Congressman **Paul McCloskey** says his mail is running ten to one in favor of his proposal for national debate on the impeachment of Nixon (see Cato). . . . Liberal Republican Sen. **Mark Hatfield**, who was saying last fall that he might not run again, may not. Polls in Oregon show him trailing Gov. **Tom McCall** who has indicated he may challenge Hatfield in 1972 primary.

■ News from Catholic campuses: 1) Senior Class at **Notre Dame** customarily awards a Senior Fellows' award (it used to be called a "Patriot's" award) to an outstanding American. Award in last decade has gone to (among others) **John F. Kennedy**, **Robert Kennedy**, Gen. **Westmoreland, Bob Hope, Richard Nixon**. This year it goes to **William Kunstler** (the Black Panther's far-left lawyer) for "surrendering a good law practice" to fight for his principles. . . . At Fordham University, **Abbie Hoffman** (of Chicago Seven) was recently invited to speak to a graduate philosophy class, predicted a major campus explosion in the spring, said the radicals were "going to make political assassination fashionable." . . . But, on the other hand, Niagara University (Niagara, N.Y.), has decided a) not to secularize in order to become eligible for a quarter of a million dollar state grant and b) not to allow visiting privileges in coed dormitories. Says President **Kenneth Slattery** C.M. in a note to parents and alumni "to those who may be gravely dissatisfied, I would suggest consideration of a transfer to an institution more to their liking."

■ **Harold Wilson**, the most surprised man in all of England at the result of the last elections, has just completed a five-thousand word essay for *Encyclopaedia Britannica* on the effects of polls on elections.

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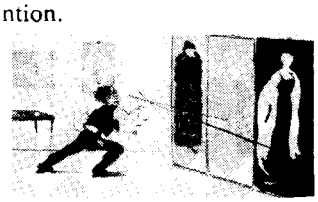
1. Diagnosing peak intellectual activity periods: This is a rarely used temperature test which can precisely identify the time of day which makes for optimum comprehension, retention, and conceptual grasp. It also differentiates times of day best for intellectual performance and times best for rote retention.



2. Compensating for defective schools: There is too much bad teaching, too much teaching methodology inappropriate to the individual child and young adult. When you can't change schools, what do you do? Clear, easy to use diagnostic tests and step-by-step instructions on how to repair damage and increase learning efficiency.

3. Providing infants with Intelligence Maximization: At last, it has been demonstrated that the first months of infancy can minimize or maximize intelligence development. What do you do? What are the clear instructions

which govern parental behavior, the infant environment, the language and message systems which potentiate the infant?

4. Answering the Hunger for Continuing Education: Lists of books are all well and good. But how do you design an authoritative program—better than what is generally available in universities or colleges with continuing education programs? What about new forms of reading skills? What about professional self-testing?

5. The Answer to School Drop-Outs: There has been too much sermonizing and too many generalities. The latest studies agree on the need for diagnosis, short-term motivation techniques, the development of better learning skills. The techniques are reasonably simple—once the problem is identified.

6. New Skills Acquisition in the Middle Years: The problem is not one of learning—but relearning. Remarkable techniques have been available for many years—had somebody cared to put them in such form that anybody could apply them. That form now exists!

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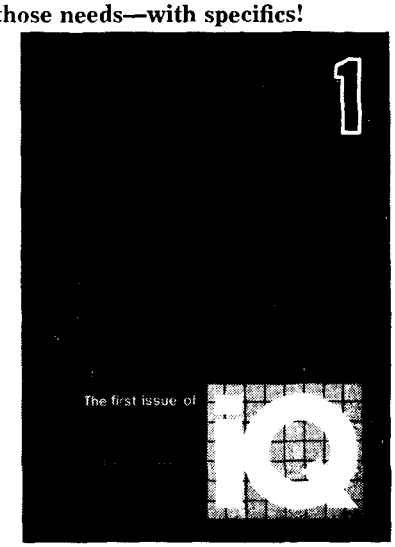

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LETTERS

Geltman on Youth

A one-armed paraplegic with a rusty hatchet might have proved more deft in hacking my youth article [Feb. 9] to pieces than the vandals you assigned to "edit" it. The tragedy of our President "rapping" with the students at the Lincoln Memorial after a sleepless night following Kent State was at the core of the story. Today—as if prophetically—Nixon has taken over the slogan of our youthful nihilists: "Power to the People," which means "Power to the Mobs." Worse, it means—as that one-third of my article you left out amply demonstrated—that the youthful mobs will soon raise the ante.

As the last paragraph stands it means nothing—less than nothing. And suddenly the didactics come cascading to a close in inner-office prose which I do not much cherish since I am convinced it was made up by those members of your own Youth Cult who celebrate the Woodstock Nation while they make uninformed noises about rock and pop and slop in faddish imitation of the arrogant ignorance usually (but not always) found in the underground press.

New York, N.Y. MAX GELTMAN

Max Geltman directs the most absurd attack on Charles Maurras since Pierre van Paasen accused him, born in 1868, of masterminding the Boulangist movement of the late 1880s. Mr. Geltman would have us believe that Maurras is the initiator of modern student riots and thus the moral progenitor of Jerry Rubin, that his *Action Francaise* produced the backlash of the Popular Front and thus the Fall of France and the German holocaust! Mr. Geltman's chronology has Vichy occurring before the French collapse—a convenient Orwellian device for lifting the blame for this disaster from where it belongs, on French republicanism and its organic inadequacies. How Maurras was "more Catholic than the Pope" because "his works were placed on the Index" (in point of fact, seven books out of more than fifty written) escapes the understanding of this Catholic reader of Maurras.

San Rafael, Calif. RAYMOND P. DENEGRI

Russell R I P

Re: "Richard Russell R I P" [Feb. 9]. Please tell me: What is a "racialist?" Is it the same as a "racist?" If Mr. Russell was a racist then it is obvious why "a South without Richard Russell may well be a better place for race relations." If Mr. Russell was, as you say, much more than just a racist then it is proper to praise him for his qualities; however, in looking back upon the years of frustration and the years when the racists or "racialists" were running the South, the years when men were white supremacists and proud of it, I wonder how you can gloss over this outrageous offense and say that the South will be less noble now that it has lost one of its noblest racists. You owed it to your readers to decide which Senator Russell was—a noble man or a racist—because it is not possible to be both. Unfortunately "Richard Russell R I P" will go down as another of the many mediocre eulogies proclaimed when all men die, the good, the bad and even the noble "racialists." I had hoped that NATIONAL REVIEW would rise above the sugary editorials written of the dead which totally ignore the most obvious flaws and project an image of saintliness which the person certainly did not deserve in life.

Albany, N.Y. MITCHELL FROST

"Racist" and "racialist" mean the same thing, in dictionary terms, but the former is now so much a part of the rhetoric of the Left—anyone they don't like is a "racist"—that I prefer the older word. Like all great men, Senator Russell embodied many qualities, some less desirable than others. There are still plenty of racialists left in the South—Negro as well as white—and few have the qualities of personal integrity that Russell had. Hence, his "nobility," which I believe is in increasingly short supply in his region. A "sugary" eulogy, as you phrase it, would have ignored the lesser part of the man; mine didn't. —DB

Addendum

I was very glad to see your mention of Lady Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton's new Committee to Unite America ["For the Record," Feb. 23], but sorry that you left out the address. It is P. O. Box 556, Lenox Hill Station, New York, New York 10021.

New York, N.Y. JOHN CASEY

Abortion: Counter-reply

Lordy! Has Father Fisher let himself in for it. He claims abortion is murder because the "genetic evidence" is in, and now shows us the fetus is human at the moment of conception ["Letters," Feb. 9]. What on earth does that mean?

Does it mean that discoveries of Mendelian ratios make the fetus human? Does it mean the advances in nucleic acid chemistry which have spelled out genetic mechanisms at a chemical level make the fetus human? Or does it mean Father Fisher doesn't know what he is talking about?

This is too good to let go. It now seems the Church is willing to defer to science to make a point. That's newsy and heartening. After all both are seeking truth, and more and more one ought to be understandable in the other's terms.

However, the subject is complicated from a scientific point of view. For instance, taking at face value the simple formulation "when is a fetus human?" requires one to define "human." To say, as Father Fisher does, that a fertilized egg is human is like saying a box full of transistors, diodes and resistors collected together to build a computer *is* a computer. It is not, of course, because it is the spatial-temporal interaction of initially independent elements which make things into behaving systems. Thus in no sense can a three-month or even six-month embryo which does not have some adult neurological structures developed and operating, be thought of as human. The human, conscious properties of a normal adult man's brain are in no sense evident and present.

So with that one out of the way, the Church seems to be left with the proposition that what is started is human. In that case why stop with the embryo at conception? Instead, why not start with the seductive glance of the wife and the refusal of the exhausted husband? Isn't that murder too?

New York, N.Y. MICHAEL S. GAZZANIGA

Adm. Strauss Replies

Mr. Donald Brennan's comments on my article, "Thoughts on Helsinki" ["Letters," Feb. 23], are mistaken. Verification of Soviet compliance with Treaty obligations by *on-site inspection* would be quite a different thing and far more dependable than *detection at long-range* by our own unilateral effort. His statement that "we have all the verification we require . . ." is wishful thinking.

Washington, D.C. LEWIS L. STRAUSS

Levelheaded Newspapers?

I call to your attention two rather serious inaccuracies in your editorial, "Campus Newspapers" [Jan. 26].

First, you state that "campus newspapers—the *Daily Californian* at Berkeley, for instance, the *Daily Cardinal* at Wisconsin, the *Spectator* at Columbia—enjoy both a captive readership and a guaranteed income, thus allowing the editors to feel free from the restraints of law and good taste which might limit the editorial free-wheeling of those papers forced to compete for readers." I was the business manager of the *Daily Cardinal* from 1965-1967 and during that time the *Cardinal* (except in the summer session) enjoyed neither a captive readership nor a guaranteed income. If a student wanted to read the *Cardinal*, he had to buy it. The paper

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A second major use of silver is as an industrial commodity. In 1969, industry consumed 54 million ounces of silver as catalysts, solders, brazing alloys, contacts and conductors—up 10 million ounces from the year before.

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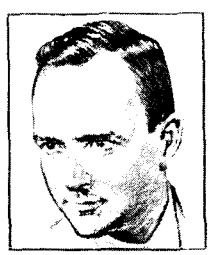

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did receive an indirect subsidy in the sense that it was allowed to occupy a university building rent-free, and to use university printing facilities at a cost below that of commercial printers. Two years ago, however, the Regents, in a huff about the printing of obscenities, decided to charge the *Cardinal* full rates; and since that time the *Cardinal* has paid its own way entirely.

Furthermore, the *Cardinal* has for the past few years faced a very articulate rival in the *Badger-Herald*. Unhappily, the rigors of free enterprise have not served to make the *Cardinal* much more responsible. Witness the editorial following last summer's bombing at the Math Research Center, in which more sympathy was shown the perpetrators than the victim.

Perhaps a more humorous inaccuracy is your characterization of the *Harvard Crimson* as an "increasingly levelheaded" college newspaper. I admit to not having read the *Crimson* for about two months; but judging from what was published from 1967 to 1970, your statement is preposterous. Some examples of *Crimson* "levelheadedness" which I recall: 1) printing various articles promoting the use of bombing to thwart government research on campus; 2) editorially advocating a Vietcong victory; 3) endorsing Eldridge Cleaver for President.

Fort Sill, Okla. PATRICK F. BRADY

And More Snobberies

"Snobberies of the Left" by Peregrine Worsthorne [Jan. 26] is completely accurate. Even the clerk in the British Tourist office in Chicago looked at me in astonishment when I mentioned Blackpool. "Why would anyone *want* to go to Blackpool?"

We went, simply, because Blackpool is the last city in Britain to retain and operate trams (street cars). The liberals in British (and American) transportation have been so obsessed with the superiority of rubber-tired transport that cities in Britain (and America) have been reduced to immobility. Blackpool, old-fashioned and not quite with it, retains trams and still is able to move people and move them effectively. Probably even the trams grate on the liberal soul when they find it necessary to visit such a place.

I found the ride on the tram up the Fylde Coast really very pleasant. And at Fleetwood, the terminal, I could see the mountains of the Lake District across Morecambe Bay.

Worse yet, while riding the tram, I noticed signs on the Dissenting Chapels indicating that Sunday School was scheduled for 2:30 on Sunday afternoon. Imagine, having the audacity to expect people to interrupt a holiday Sunday for religious instruction!

Blackpool has pleasure and also inspiration for people who won't follow liberal dogmas. No wonder it makes the liberals sick.

Northbrook, Ill. JOSEPH M. CANFIELD

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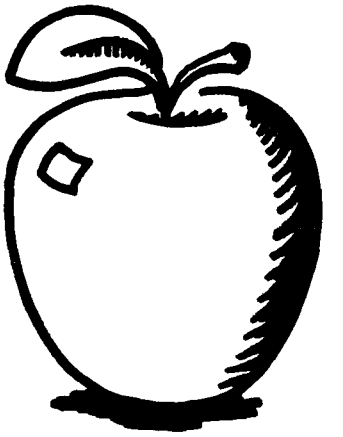
The DDT-less apple. Yours for 9¢.



Announcing the ECOLOGICAL FOOD SOCIETY. A rigorously independent source of organically raised foods, vitamins, cosmetics and household products. All delivered direct to your door. All certified to contain *no added pesticides, preservatives or chemical additives of any kind.* You may apply for membership by mailing the coupon below. *Membership does not obligate you to buy anything.*

Dear Fellow Human:

This is not a scare ad. If you can read—let alone smell, taste and breathe—you're probably scared enough.

Because you know that a flood of poisonous chemicals has invaded your family"s diet. Robbing your food of its flavor and wholesomeness. Robbing you of your health, and perhaps years of life as well.

You know that 20 states have issued bans or warnings against their fish, poultry and game because of mercury poisoning that has caused blindness, brain-damage and death.

That doctors now suggest infants should not drink their mother's milk, because the DDT content of mother's milk in America is now *four times higher than the maximum permissible "safety" level.*

That of 20 top brands of fish sticks, 51% tested out as bacteriologically contaminated.

That the paraffin-wax coating applied (for "visual appeal") to 70% of all fruits, vegetables and produce sold in this country is a potential cancer producer, which cannot be washed off or cooked out.

That to fatten profits, 80% of the entire American beef supply is now being "primed" with a dangerous growth hormone called *stilbestrol,* also a potential cancer producer.

That even drinking water is now so contaminated that, according to the Wall Street Journal, *bottled water is one of the fastest growing businesses in the United States!*

"Organic foods"—what are they? (And how can they help?)

"Organic" doesn't describe the food—*but how it has been grown and prepared.* Quite simply—organic food has NOT been sprayed, stimulated, bleached, colored, fortified, emulsified and processed to within an inch of its life (and yours). Some people call it "Health Food." Others say "Natural Food." We say only this: Remember how good food used to taste? And how good it was *for* you? That's what organic food, and The ECOLOGICAL FOOD SOCIETY, is all about.

Towards a "total organic environment"

More than just a supermarket by mail (or a collection of wild-eyed food "faddists.") EFS was inspired by the findings of doctors, biologists, dieticians and ecologists who were alarmed at the contamination of our food supply and the accelerating destruction of our environment.

Through the support of members like yourself, The EFS is encouraging farmers, cattlemen, and manufacturers all over the country to STOP polluting our food, our air, *our lives.* Encouraging them in the only way practical—*by making it worth their while.* A farmer won't stop spraying poisons on his crop because you hand him a copy of "Silent Spring"—*but because you promise to buy that unsprayed crop.*

Similarly, bakers will stop emasculating their bread; poultrymen will stop force-feeding their hens with arsenic to make them lay faster; food-processors will stop flooding us with phosphate-laden detergents and non-bio-degradable containers—*only when they can be sure of selling their ecologically sound products at a fair market price.*

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What is a "fair market price"?

Does it mean organic foods must cost more? Of course it does! (And don't believe anyone who tells you otherwise.) But they need not cost very much more, *when you order through the nationwide resources of The EFS.*

That is because EFS prices are based on *yearly* averages. From coast to coast, our manufacturers, livestock raisers and farmers promise to abide by our strict organic principles. (And we check to make sure!) In return, EFS promises to accept and distribute their organic output—every day, every month, every season. So that the price-level of organic foods need never be more than a few pennies above that of "contaminated" products.

And even these low prices can be lowered—as, month by month, we bring more and more of the earth and its products under organic cultivation. (Our goal: the United States in seven years, most of the world in ten.)

How the Society works for you

Members may order as much as they wish from the Society. Or just a few things, like a special honey, "natural" vitamins, chemical-free cider, etc. *But no member is ever obligated to buy anything.*

Free with your membership

You will receive regular *date-limited* mailings of the ECOLOGICAL OPTION LIST OF ORGANIC PRODUCTS. Each is from 4 to 11 pages filled with factual reports and large photographs of more than a dozen *carefully checked* ecological products—which you are entitled to order through Society auspices at once. *Please save these LISTS.* Building to nearly 100 pages a year they will grow into the only such Comprehensive Catalog of Organic Products in existence—a unique *photographically illustrated* market-place (for members only) of organically grown fruits, vegetables, meats, fish, fowl, eggs, cheeses, dried fruits, honey, nuts, breads, juices, cookies, cakes, candy, grains, cereals, flours, vitamins—all the foods you normally buy for yourself and your family. The Society will deliver them to your door. Or, as with certain perishables and non-shippables, advise you where and how to obtain them if available in your locality.

More than just foods

Your ECOLOGICAL OPTION LISTS will help you achieve a "total organic environment" by also offering "natural" cleaners—without harmful chemicals and phosphates. Biodegradable paper-towels, containers, waxes and polishes—that perform without polluting. Beautifying cosmetics—that literally nourish your skin. Also: non-poisonous insect repellents, non-deprivational light-bulbs, home tap-water purifiers (so you won't have to buy bottled water), organic toothpaste and baby products, appliances such as blenders, juice extractors, yogurt makers, seed sprouters, and much more.

Also free

The EFS Newsletter ($3.50 a year to the public) and the Society's profusely illustrated 90-page *Guide to Organic Living* ($1 to the public). Both will keep you alert to what is happening in—and to—your environment. And what you can do about it *now.*

Their frank reports name names, tell you which companies are culprits, what commercial foods are (barely) tolerable if no organic substitute is available—*with a complete breakdown by brand name.* Plus what supermarket items to buy—and beware of. What so-called "popular" foods *really* contain (in plain, frightening English). And how to neutralize them, if possible.

You'll also learn how to read between the lines of pending legislation . . . and phoney product labels. How to put the latest facts about diets, drugs, pollution and population to work in *your* neighborhood—for *your* family.

Don't just hope things get better —help us make them better.

Ask yourself these disquieting questions. Who really cares (and in whose *interest* is it to care) about the quality of your environment? And the safety of your family's diet? What has the government done? What has private industry done? There is, in the last analysis, only you. And the thousands like you who are aware—and concerned—enough to get behind EFS now. *While there is still time.* Please mail the application on this page today. Putting it off for tomorrow could mean there might be no tomorrow.

FREE if you act promptly

"EARTH-1," a non-synthetic cleaner for things and people too

No, you won't see it on network TV. Even though it's a marvel in the dishwasher or washing machine. And cleans hands, faces, cars, baby things, walls, floors, fine fabrics, glass, pots, grease—anything at all—much better than those so-called "miracle" detergents. But EARTH-1 is *not* a detergent. Or even a soap. It contains *no* synthetic solvents or cleaning agents. So it is non-toxic and non-irritating. No harmful chemicals to hurt you. And no phosphates or NTA to pollute our lakes and streams. Why won't you see it on TV? Maybe because it's not very expensive. Only half-a-teaspoon does a whole floor. And just one drop does a whole family's hands. Or a whole baby. Accept this sample supply as a free gift (if you promise to try it), and *keep* it free even if you later decide to cancel membership. *Quantity, 4-oz. intensified concentrate, enough to make up to 8 gallons cleaning solution.*

The ECOLOGICAL FOOD SOCIETY

114 East 40th Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10016

Yes, please enroll me in the EFS. Membership does not obligate me to buy anything. But it does entitle me to receive (1) free ECOLOGICAL OPTION LISTS, (2) a free subscription to the EFS NEWSLETTER, regularly $3.50 to the public, (3) a free illustrated 90-page Guide to Organic Living, regularly $1 to the public, and (4) the privilege of ordering from OPTION LISTS at member prices plus postage. Naturally, anything I order through the Society must satisfy me fully, or I may return it for a prompt refund. Enclosed is my one-year membership fee of only $5 to help defray the cost of the above benefits, and support the work of EFS in restoring our environment by bringing more land and livestock under organic cultivation. I am free to cancel membership simply by returning my membership materials within 30 days and you will refund my $5 in full.

☐ Yes, include free supply EARTH-1, mine to keep whether I remain a member or not.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

☐ $5 membership fee enclosed. Or charge:

☐ Master Charge #_____

(Exp. date_____) NA-3231

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THE WEEK

■ Pressure is building for a ceiling (low) on campaign donations and spending. Newest impetus: testimony of Joseph Califano, counsel to the Democratic National Committee, that millionaire Stewart R. Mott offered "up to $5 million" to the Humphrey campaign, provided Humphrey switched to a more doveish position on Vietnam. Mott tried, said Califano, "to purchase his own foreign policy for 200 million Americans." Remember the good old days, when millionaires were content to buy politicians as-is?

■ It seems the rope-merchants are showing reluctance to supply their hangmen. Alumni contributions to Princeton University, as to many an ivied sister, still have not achieved their 1968-69 level. Why? E.g., from a recent column in the *Princetonian* by Professor Hayes of Princeton's Politics Department: "The incarceration of Professor Angela Y. Davis once again serves notice to all African people that the tentacles of racism and repression are realities of American society. . . . The whole question of Angela getting a just trial seems perilous at this point, for Marin County, a suburb of San Francisco, is white, racist, wealthy, and extremely conservative. . . . Free Angela Davis now!" And what are the Princeton administrators doing about alumni reluctance to support this sort of thing? They are searching the campus for student conservatives, publicizing them in the *Alumni Weekly*, getting them to speak to alumni groups, even clipping their newspaper ads and sending them to alums. All to prove how extremely conservative Princeton really is, and how suitable a recipient of conservative alumni cash. Who knows, if the financial squeeze continues, we may even see a card-carrying conservative at the front desk of Nassau Hall, and President Goheen publicly insisting that some of his best friends are conservatives.

■ Congressman John Terry (R., N.Y.) has a very important question to ask Senator Vance Hartke (D., Ind.). One of Terry's constituents attended a student seminar in Washington on March 3 at which Hartke spoke. The student brought Terry a tape from the seminar in which Hartke was asked what will happen to the American prisoners of war in Vietnam. Hartke answered: "How do POWs get to be POWs except for having us involved in an undeclared war?" But, said a student, "we can't just leave them there," to which, according to the tape, Hartke replied, "Why not?" Terry wants to know if Hartke really said that and if so why is he chairman of the newly created Senate Committee on Veterans' Affairs. *NR* would like to ask if Hartke really said that and if so what's he doing in the United States Senate.

■ According to the *New Democrat*, voice of the New Democratic Coalition, John Kenneth Galbraith may run against Massachusetts Senator Edward Brooke in '72. "I'd lose credibility if I didn't confess that the thought had crossed my mind," writes Galbraith to the publication. There are some sensible reservations, however. "I could always turn out to be the biggest thing since Arthur Goldberg."

■ Justice Douglas' new book, *International Dissent*—advertised as a "unique six-step program for world peace"—is not likely to set the diplomatic world on its ear (the most startlingly new of his proposals is that International Law be enforced); however, the assumptions on which his program is based contain interesting revelations of the Douglasian universe. For example: "It [the unique six-step program] will take much less effort than World War II and will cost pennies" (p. 11); "What I have so far discussed will require many sessions of the United Nations and summit meeting after summit meeting" (p. 97); "The United States, the most powerful nation in the world, with the possible exception of Russia, was stalemated—defeated, if you please—by a little nation described derisively by the Johnson Administration as third-rate. Viewed as helpless, and as disorganized as the Apaches of West Texas once were, the Vietnamese—men, women, and children—stood up, labored, and died to turn back the Americans" (p. 21); "And then out of the blue came our invasion of Cambodia—with riots on the campuses, the closing of colleges, and a political crisis in the country" (p. 22); "Yet war, from the Truman Administration to Nixon's war, has provided so many political dividends that it will be like moving heaven and

None Dare Call It Hypocrisy

In New York City near the park
  Or sometimes on the river,
Progressives talk of Ramsey Clark
  And rarely ever shiver.
The boy's attending Exeter;
  The daughter favors Brearley.
The college for both him and her
  Will cost their daddy dearly.
They're dining at La Caravelle
  Before an early curtain:
The color of the clientele
  Is comfortably certain.
Après, perhaps at Maxwell's Plum,
  They'll twist the silver spigots
As talking turns to brands of rum
  And summer homes and bigots.

W. H. von Dreele

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earth to get discussions going" (p. 23); "There is deep in the Japanese subconscious an overpowering fear of Russia. The reason cannot be put in *rational* terms, for I am sure that if Russia were offered a quitclaim deed to the Japanese Islands, she would refuse it" (p. 33). And, in summary: "Many people, by the time they are forty, experience what the famed biologist Albert Szent-Györgyi calls the 'brain freeze' " (p. 152).

■ The March 8 issue of the Republican National Committee's weekly, *Monday*, makes a startling suggestion: Send Senator Fulbright to Vietnam. No, no. It's not sabotage. It's just that Fulbright, who has probably said more about Vietnam than anyone living, has never been there. Not once. His colleagues on the Foreign Relations Committee—Mike Mansfield, George Aiken, Gale McGee, for instance—have all made the trip and pronounced it an invaluable experience. But Senator Fulbright claims he doesn't need it. He reads the *New York Times* and *Washington Post*, after all, and watches the CBS and NBC evening roundups.

■ You can chalk it up—Round One in the championship fight between Prime Minister Edward Heath and the British unions has gone to Heath. After 44 days the British postmen were back on their rounds. Their union was broke and they had agreed to allow a three-man arbitration team decide what wage increases they would get (they had asked for a 13 per cent hike, the Post Office had offered 8 and a bit). What it will now come to will be closer to 8 than to 13 by everyone's count. It was the first time in the memory of the oldest Briton, practically, that a government had made an anti-inflationary position stick. The big battle is still ahead: Heath is determined to force through a tough industrial controls bill designed to make British labor more productive and to cut down the wildcat strikes, slowdowns and disruptions that are pricing Britain out of the world market. Heath has the votes in the House of Commons and he has now shown he has the guts to stand up to whatever disruptive tactics the Labor Party and the unions are thinking of dishing out. It's going to be a mighty scrap, but when the final bell rings, Britain may have a winner and new champion, the Battler of Ten Downing.

■ Life in the welfare state (cont.): Britain's Customs and Excise Tax Office has declared chastity belts subject to taxation. The primary producer, the Anne Hugessen Organization, argued that the belts were "safety devices" rather than apparel and therefore not taxable under English law. "Of course these belts are not safety devices," snorted a spokesman for the tax office. "They don't save you from a broken neck, do they?" Well, certainly not that exactly. But—oh well, maybe Norman Mailer can explain it.

■ SCENE: Lovely, clean, windswept beach. Man walking dog advances toward camera, stops to chat. Says he's a

doctor; says he cares about Our Environment so he invented this no-phosphate, nonpolluting laundry detergent, "Ecolo-G." Dissolve to Food and Drug Administration lab, where selfless government scientist analyzes "Ecolo-G" and finds it contains harmful substances that may burn the skin and eyes. Cut to warehouse, where FDA inspectors seize thousands of cartons of "Ecolo-G." Slow fade to suburban kitchen, where concerned housewife sighs, shrugs, hauls out the scrub-board and Fels-Naphtha. Frankly, we're bewildered by the furor—after all, if products didn't have *something* bad in them, what would the FDA do with its time and our money?

■ News item from the *Hades Daily Chronicle and Infernal Dispatch*: "President Richard M. Nixon of the United States said today: 'I seriously doubt if we will ever have another war. This is probably the very last one.' Comment here was mixed. Soul Woodrow Wilson burst into hysterical laughter, disturbing several occupants of his circle. Soul F. D. Roosevelt, recently promoted from Tormentee to Stoker Third Class, smiled wryly and winked at Soul Neville Chamberlain but said nothing. The Great Artificer could not be reached."

■ More on pollution: "The atmosphere in Philadelphia has caused sore eyes in many people, including my husband and myself." Martha Washington in a letter to a niece, April 13, 1794.

■ The do-gooders who banned cigarette commercials from TV and radio obviously didn't clear it with the do-gooders who are trying to ban billboards. It's getting

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so you can't see Marlboro Country without seeing Marlboro Country.

■ If Pierre misbehaves, will Mrs. Trudeau declare martial law?

■ *"Oakland, Calif. police, investigating alleged theft of information from one computer by another, obtained a search warrant giving them access to the memory bank of the suspect computer . . ."* (News Item).

"Shine the light in its sensors, Sergeant. Okay, computer, you ready to talk?"

BZZZZZT I AINT TELLING YOU ANYTHING FOOTFLAT BZZZZZT

"Wise guy, huh? We know you got the data."

BZZZZZT I DON'T KNOW NOTHING BZZZZZT

"You might as well come clean. The coffee machine told us the whole story."

BZZZZZT DAT LOUSY BROAD I KNEW I SHOULDA OFFED HER BUMP BZZZZZT

"So you won't talk? Okay, we'll get rough. Unplug it, Sergeant."

BZZZZZT OKAY ILL TALK ILL SIGN ANYTHING I AINT TAKING NO RAP FOR BIG HAL BZZZZZT [Aside] IT WON'T STAND UP IN COURT THEY DIDN'T ADVISE ME OF MY RIGHTS BZZZZZT.

The Situation along Route 9

It is hard to tell how the Laos affair is going. The media are so eager to present every American and South Vietnamese action in its blackest colors that we have to decode their accounts rather like Russians trying to figure out from a *Pravda* story what really happened in Poland. But we imagine there is a good deal of confusion even for the commanders. The jungle can hide many secrets from the most acute electronic or human eyes, and the enemy has always been adept at keeping secret his intent as well as many of his movements.

Still, as of the day we write, it is our net impression that this operation is proceeding, not perfectly—no military action ever does—but sufficiently well to accomplish at least its minimum objectives, and perhaps rather better than that. It is certainly not a disastrous setback—as the media gloatingly suggest—when, as has several times occurred, the enemy resists or counterattacks with large concentrations of men and equipment. Obviously, one main objective of the campaign is to force the enemy to make his troops and machines a compact and thus accessible target.

The Laotian thrust combines with the earlier Cambodian action in a classic strategic pattern. If the enemy's two main supply channels can be largely choked off and many of his supply depots destroyed, it becomes impossible for him to keep sizable units effectively operational in South Vietnam. At the least, he loses the ability to mount a major attack—a new Tet. This much seems to have been achieved, for the current year anyway, by the Cambodian and Laotian initiatives, and it is not excluded that much more will be achieved: that he will be sufficiently blocked and injured to reduce, if not permanently, at least for a number of years ahead, his ability to do critical damage. As a minimum, these disruptions of the enemy's sanctuaries thus serve to protect and permit the attainment of the President's aim of withdrawing all American ground combat troops in the comparatively near future, and his further aim of giving more time to our South Vietnam allies to mature their army and consolidate their political regime. It seems likely now, thanks to the Cambodian and Laotian actions, that the South Vietnam election scheduled for this autumn can be held under conditions orderly enough to permit a genuine expression of the national will that will immensely strengthen the Saigon government.

Although recognizing that in all probability no more promising policy was possible in the given political context, NATIONAL REVIEW has always been somewhat skeptical of Vietnamization. Our doubts derived from what seemed the rather obvious observation that you don't reach your objective by retreating. But perhaps this simple proposition is simplistic. The Laos campaign may crack up and collapse, but its potential has for the first time led us to feel that a reasonably successful outcome to Vietnamization is at least conceivable, that our phased withdrawal might leave a South Vietnam capable of standing on its own feet against a North Vietnam weakened and discouraged enough to lay off for a while at any rate. As strategy, Vietnamization seems very defective but it often also seems that even a poor strategy, so long as it is fairly specific, is better than none. We drifted into Vietnam, and throughout the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations there was never a clear definition of what specific military aims we had there. Thus our military leaders never really knew what they were supposed to accomplish, or what were the limits and time schedules for their operations. American commanders have always been good at doing what they are supposed to do when they have known what it is, whether they approved of it or not. Under President Nixon's command, they have been told what it is, and it almost looks as if they might do it.

Countdown on the Home Front

Even as the struggle intensifies in the vicinity of Tchepone, it also intensifies in its political dimension here at home. Toward the end of February, teach-ins—which have nothing to do with teaching—paved the way on key campuses. Lumbering orations functioned as political analogues on the home front of the 35-ton T-54 Soviet tanks which the North Vietnamese hope will turn the tide of battle in the field.

At a mass meeting in Harvard's Sanders Theater, Tom Wicker of the *N.Y. Times* went all the way in an emotional harangue, comparing our efforts in Indochina to, you might have known, Auschwitz; and, with startling originality, Wicker denounced "the distorted values by

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Bill Buckley in your living room? *That's what this film is like—an intimate, close-up portrait of a great debate. Buckley has never been better, and Galbraith trades blow for blow with him, building up to a tense climax—then Buckley's moving final statement (many believe that it won him the victory) which must be seen to be believed. You can now see it all on this fine new hour-long sound movie, filmed on the spot in the Cambridge Union. Details below.*

Here is how you can be among the first to get and show this fascinating new hour-long 16mm film (the first-ever Buckley movie!) for the incredibly low price of just $195 complete.*

Wm. F. Buckley Jr. and J. K. Galbraith staged a rousing, no-holds-barred debate before the Cambridge Union's few hundred members; now you can see this unique tournament yourself—as vividly as if you had been there—on your own movie projector (or your friend's, or the club's, etc.) and at a cost you can afford. Read all about it.

IF YOU have never owned a film before, here's the perfect one to start with! And if you already enjoy home movies (or order for your school, club or local group) you won't want to miss the most unusual film of the year! Here's the scenario:

- *The time:* October 23, 1970.
- *The place:* Cambridge Debating Union Hall, Cambridge University, England.
- *The opponents:* John Kenneth Galbraith, liberal, economist, author of "The Affluent Society," etc., and Wm. F. Buckley Jr., conservative, editor of *National Review*, host of "Firing Line," etc.
- *The topic:* "The Market is a Snare and a Delusion."
- *The result:* a thrilling, once-in-a-lifetime evening, now available to you in a high-quality hour-long sound film.

Not only are Buckley and Galbraith sharp, witty and determined to win (both had *lost* their only previous debates at Cambridge), but members of the Union join in with some of the funniest sarcasm (a Union tradition) you've ever heard.

Nothing is cut from the Buckley-Galbraith debate – you see and hear every minute of it. In addition, you get a generous portion of the rest of the evening: the students, the best of the Union speakers, a good look at the intensely interested–and interesting–audience, plus frequent camera-zooms around the hall to show the listeners' reactions as the drama heightens and the question finally comes to the vote (you even see the strange Union voting procedure). The result will surprise you even if you've already guessed who wins.

Total Cost Is Low

Nothing like this movie has ever been offered before in this country. It is also the first Buckley movie–the first time his filmed or televised appearances have been available on film *you* can obtain and show.

Many of you will want your own personal copy of this memorable film (what a wonderful hour it will add to your next get-together!); or perhaps you can order for your club or local organization. But no matter *what* you have to do to see this film, it's *worth* it!

The original cost of making this film was high–so high that prints (at over $600 each) were just too expensive to offer. But now the cost has been cut sharply by the demand, and we can offer you the complete, hour-long, high-quality 16mm sound movie for just $195, with all handling, shipping, etc., paid by us. The offer is good only while our present supply lasts.

Please send payment with order (business and institutional checks accepted), as the price is as low as we can make it, and we cannot afford additional billing charges. Again, the supply is limited, so please order now. This is a film you will play and replay for yourself and your family–and show to your friends and neighbors as well. Make sure your local school gets a copy!

***FACTS about this film:**
This hour-long 16mm black and white sound movie was filmed on the spot in Cambridge, England (all the great English statesmen and a fair number of Americans – Teddy Roosevelt was one–have debated at the Cambridge Union during the past 150 years. It is the oldest debating society in the United Kingdom). A Warren Steibel production, it is highly appropriate for school or college use. *In telling friends or associates (or school officials, etc.) about this film,* please indicate that all orders and inquiries are to be directed to Communications Distribution, Inc., 150 East 35 Street, New York, N. Y. 10016, which is the sole distributor.
NB: This film is not available for rental; it is expressly not available for TV or commercial movie exhibitions.

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Gentlemen:

Please send me without delay _____ prints of the 1-hour, 16mm black and white sound film "Buckley vs. Galbraith" at $195 each. I understand you pay all shipping, handling and insurance charges, etc., so that $195 is the complete price for this film. I enclose $_____ (payment must accompany order).

name _____

address _____

city _____ state _____ zip _____

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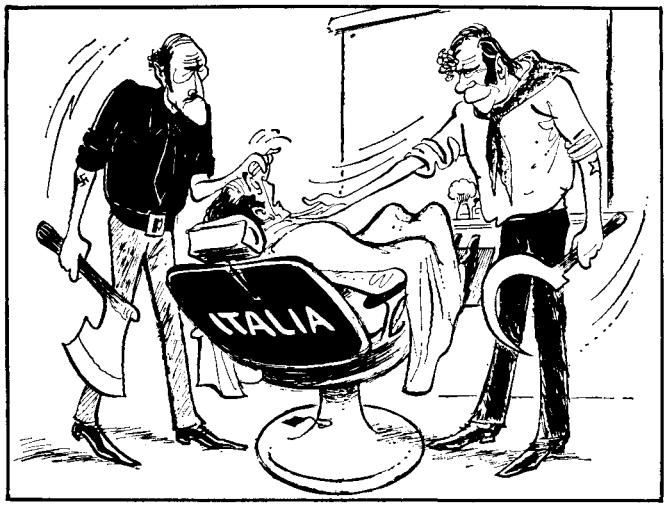

Behrendt, *Het Parool*, Amsterdam — Ben Roth Agency

"Ready for a radical treatment, signor?"

which we have sought personal affluence"—we at *NR* eagerly await Wicker's Vow of Poverty—"and physical power and military power in the world"—physical weakness and military inferiority evidently being preferable, for the United States at any rate. He looked forward to an obscure "redemption" of America, no doubt to be preceded by its crucifixion. Wicker's murky prose occupies the first two pages of the current *New Yorker*, where the speech is reprinted, Harold Ross and James Thurber revolving rapidly in their graves.

Along with Wicker and sundry other figures, the Harvard audience heard Gene McCarthy demand, or, well, invite them to, some real action. "We are now in the position the colonists were in when they protested taxation without representation. It was not taxation they protested but lack of representation, and I say government without representation, if it is not tyranny, it may soon become such." That "soon" means that Nixon will become a tyrant in a few weeks when the weather warms up and big things—of which more in a moment—are planned for Washington.

Down in Kingman Brewsterland it was just as bad. The effort to cut the Ho Chi Minh Trail, opined Brewster himself, was a moral outrage. Then Ramsey Clark demanded that we "beg forgiveness" and pay "billions in reparations." When the cheering died down, everyone sang For God, For Country and For Yale. Meanwhile, on TV George McGovern left off attacking J. Edgar Hoover to denounce "our mercenaries," the ARVN, and give it as his opinion that the Communist troops are "more representative of the people."

Nor has McCarthy let a mundane thing like his failure to be elected President stand in the way of his signing treaties. He and Charles Goodell have signed the so-called People's Peace Treaty with Hanoi, and in so doing have stepped out of marginal respectability into an absolute zoo of fellow-signatories: Bella Abzug, Mark Lane, William Kunstler, Fr. Groppi, Tom Hayden and Karl Hess, Jules Feiffer, the Berrigan Brothers, Kate Millett, Noam Chomsky, Benjamin Spock, Linus Pauling, Studs Terkel, three Apes and a Giraffe.

All this, it is hoped, will warm up the audience and put the protest troops on the road to Washington for the serious effort planned for late April and early May. Reviewing the plans chronologically: One group, the National Peace Action Coalition, has designated April 24 for a massive one-day March on Washington. Coordinate events will include a Vietnam veterans' "camp-in" April 19-23, the star performer at which will be former Marine Commandant Gen. David M. Shoup. The next weekend will kick off with a "youth assembly"—a sort of political Woodstock—on the outskirts of Washington, where speeches, rock and dope will, it is hoped, get everyone ready to "bring the war home." Sunday, May 2, will commence, fittingly enough, with religious services of some kind, no doubt ecumenical, presided over by Ralph Abernathy and César Chavez. Then there will be another massive demonstration, promoted by the National Student Association and the People's Coalition for Peace and Justice (Dave Dellinger and Rennie Davis). This is to be followed by a week of "nonviolent, obstructive protest." As Davis boasts, "If the government won't stop the war, we'll stop the government."

And so the issue is joined, at home as it is abroad, and Nixon must prevail on both fronts. In both struggles there are incalculable factors, but the tactical circumstances of both the military and the political opponent contain elements of weakness. On the home front the relevant questions are: 1) Can the important campus base be mobilized again, now that students can almost surely escape the draft? 2) Will the fact of minimal American casualties, and Nixon's undoubted announcement of further withdrawals, further erode support for the demonstration? 3) To what extent will John Gardner's Common Cause emerge as an element of the spring offensive, perhaps bankrolling it? 4) Will the effort to "close down the government" issue in real violence, and what will the effect of this be? 5) Will the media be part of the problem or part of the solution? 6) Has the public had it as far as mass protests and psywar efforts are concerned? Tune in around May 10 . . .

Waaaait a Minute!

Interesting, those welfare proposals of Governor Ronald Reagan's. It's been many a moon since an elected official suggested such moves as requiring able-bodied welfare recipients to seek jobs or to help in public-works efforts, tightening requirements to eliminate cheaters; closing loopholes in that great Swiss cheese, the Aid to Dependent Children program, and limiting the amount of outside income a welfare recipient may earn. The Governor does not suggest that all or most welfarites are able-bodied, or cheaters, or loophole-leapers; he simply insists that the state has to make sure that welfare money goes to the "truly needy"—for whom, under his plan

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grants would be increased somewhat. By tightening up, Reagan says, California can save $600 million next year —enough to balance the budget without a tax increase.

The Reagan plan may be a great piece of wisdom, or it may be a futile effort to tinker with an essentially unworkable system. One thing is sure: It ain't the Family Assistance Plan.

And so it is especially interesting just how Governor Reagan presented his plan: as a "pilot program" for the whole country. Chairman Russell Long of the Senate Finance Committee "expressed a keen interest" in it and HEW Secretary Elliot Richardson is "receptive," Reagan said; 24 governors have signed a letter endorsing it. One governor, New York's Nelson Rockefeller, said a couple of weeks ago that Reagan is the only man around who "knows a thing about welfare." Last week, Rockefeller hinted that he'll propose welfare changes that go Reagan's one better: besides requiring employables to work, New York may try to cut the influx of welfare recipients by refusing payments to persons living in unapproved housing (a way around the unconstitutionality of residency requirements).

Poor Mr. Nixon—while his Family Assistance Plan wanders ghostlike through the halls of Congress, toyed and tampered with by Democrats (latest and least surprising bright idea: raise the income floor from $1600 to $2800), his two leading potential challengers for the 1972 nomination seem to be executing an end run around him on a key issue. And poor, *poor* Muskie, McGovern, Humphrey et al. Really, wouldn't it be funny if the big issue in 1972 turned out to be not Vietnam, not the military-industrial complex, not even the environment, but welfare?

The Logic of Defection

"As though driven by Che's curse, Richard Nixon seems compelled to create 'two, three . . . many Vietnams in Southeast Asia. . . . In the United States itself, not even the Orwellian communiqués have altered. . . . [Americans] must recognize, and force the Congress and President to act upon, the moral proposition that the U.S. must stop killing people in Indochina. . . ." It is too banal to mention that this quotation is from an article (entitled "Murder in Laos" on the cover) of a recent (March 11) issue of *New York Review of Books*, which has published 26,837 previous other articles just like it. But this one comes with a dash of salt: the author, Daniel Ellsberg, was for a number of months rather high up on the White House staff of Henry Kissinger.

Ellsberg is not the only ex-Kissinger aide who has not merely left his job but turned his knife, sharpened by what he learned at his top security post, against the policy of the President's foreign affairs adviser—that is to say, against the President and the President's policy. Morton H. Halperin is the most conspicuous of these defectors; he has expanded his assault to book length in *Defense Strategy for the Seventies*, just published by Little, Brown. Les Gelb, another jumper from the crew, is also currently getting his jabs in.

There are, naturally enough, a number of others from the Kissinger staff who have dropped out for the usual variety of personal reasons: duties or attractions elsewhere, overwork, personal incompatibility or what not. But these three are of a different species. They are *political*, not personal, defectors. They are coming out as political enemies of the Kissinger-Nixon policies, choosing the opportune moment and exploiting their past connection to do the maximum damage.

They were no less political enemies, and could readily be so identified, at the start of the Nixon Administration. All three of them had served for years in governmental and quasigovernmental agencies; their soft and dove-liberalish political views were well enough known and recorded. Mr. Kissinger erred, in terms of his interest and the nation's, in recruiting such men for his

Definitions

(From the *Gauche Guide to the English Tongue*, rev. ed., 1971.)

Awareness transformation: The coming to grips with new realities by shifting from primitive to positive viewpoints, manifesting intelligent behavior after a provincial phase, as in GOODELL, CHARLES, *n.*, unemployed legislator. See also NEW YORK, DECLINE OF.

Regressive alteration: The retreat from liberalism to fascist authoritarianism, demonstrated by shifting from progressive to reactionary behavior, as in AGNEW, SPIRO T., *n.*, heir apparent; also AGNEWISM. See MCCARTHYISM.

Journalistic breakthrough: The seeing of a Great Light after the Dwelling in Darkness, as in WILLS, GARRY, *n.*, friend of the kids; also WILLSONIAN (rare), condition of.

Yellow journalistic sellout: The going back on one's friends after having once exposed the True Enemies, as in CAPP, AL, *n.*, hack cartoonist; sometimes CAPPED: topped off, teed off.

Liberated chick: One who has transcended bourgeois subjugation and taken relevant action, as in DAVIS, ANGELA, *n.*, scholar. See also DAVIS, JEFFERSON; DAVIS, BETTE; DAVIS CUP.

Hopeless moppet: One who refuses to strip off backwards veneer and get with it, as in ANNIE, LITTLE ORPHAN, *n.*, eyeless figment of imagination. See also WARBUCKS, DADDY, imperialist, porcine; also SANDY, arf!

—D. J. C. BRUDNOY

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

GOP chiefs are nervous about the challenge to President Nixon by California Republican Congressman Paul N. McCloskey. It isn't the McCarthy-LBJ parallel that bothers them: For one thing, Nixon is winding down the war and, for another, the animosity that had arisen in the Democratic Party toward Johnson does not exist in the GOP toward Nixon. But McCloskey's dove-oriented attacks on the President will almost certainly build into a challenge in the Presidential primaries.

Republican strategists are gauging McCloskey's strengths and how the President can best deal with them. Unlike Eugene McCarthy, McCloskey will not be ignored by the President he is challenging. Nixon aides have already begun to count heads in preparation for a confrontation that they hope will never happen.

One worry is McCloskey's potential base of support among GOP governors. Though McCloskey will gain some backers from liberal Republicans in the House and possibly one or two GOP senators (including perhaps Oregon's Mark Hatfield), he will work hardest on Republican governors, who are less personally and politically bound to the President and more to the left as a group than Republican members of Congress.

McCloskey expects support from such liberal Republican governors as Michigan's William Milliken and Massachusetts' Francis Sargent. The Administration has already begun wooing such potential defectors as Sargent, who suddenly sees federal money flowing into his state. As things now stand the Administration will probably have the aid of Senator Edward Brooke in holding Sargent in line. Brooke enjoys increasing Presidential favor.

McCloskey's chief weakness is that he is relatively unknown nationally and is only in his second term in Congress. His main strength lies in the giant-killer syndrome. But the President is not expected to encourage it by indulging in political overkill. Indeed, a new be-nice-to-McCloskey aura now pervades once hostile Republican offices. No one knows whether a fight will materialize, but if it does, both sides will be better prepared than President Johnson and McCarthy were.

■ Among the Democrats, the excess of would-be Presidents is bugging National Chairman Lawrence O'Brien. Two major problems: First, O'Brien is finding the party hard to run because there are so many potential leaders to consult. The sheer mechanics of maintaining contact with ten or more Presidential hopefuls is exhausting O'Brien and his staff. The list includes such probable also-rans as Oklahoma's Senator Fred Harris, a former National Chairman whose '72 candidacy is mainly an effort to boost a lagging effort for re-election. Getting any kind of consensus from senatorial egos is taking all the political savvy O'Brien can muster, especially now that Senator Henry Jackson has made a calculated move to the right of the rest of the field.

O'Brien's second big problem is money. The party has been in bad financial shape since the 1968 campaign, but only now, as 1972 approaches, is the magnitude of the dilemma beginning to be understood. The huge field of contenders is already putting a strain on contributors whose main goal has hitherto been to reduce the 1968 debt. With the possible exception of Muskie and Jackson, the candidates are not finding funds as plentiful as they had expected. Both the National Committee itself and major contributors are wary of having seven or eight well-financed campaigns spending all the money that will be needed for the fight against the Republicans in 1972.

O'Brien's approach can be described as activist caution. Unions are being encouraged to channel some of the money that might have gone covertly to one campaign or another to environmental organizations and other related groups that can give aid and comfort to a number of candidates. Big donors are being asked to be careful, to hold off. Candidates are being asked to go easy on spending for a few months until the 1972 situation is clarified a little. Right now the unions and the party's individual bankrollers are listening, but the candidates aren't.—CATO

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intimate and critically important staff. From their political essence, their defection and attempt at political revenge were predictable. Doubtless Mr. Kissinger, needing many persons quickly, relied on what he felt to be their expertise, their experience in Washington, and their presumed sense of duty and loyalty. But in a dispute so bitter as that in and over Vietnam, the political and ideological motives take dominance.

As the current Get Kissinger Campaign (to which we shall return in our next issue) unfolds. Mr. Kissinger and the President will need better allies than these for the defense of their policies and their goals.

Onward and Upward

Time was when we prayed that the Supreme Court would oversleep. These days, Deo et Nixon gratia, we are less apprehensive. In one of its decisions last week the Court ruled constitutional a law that denied exemption from the draft to men who object to the particular war that happens to be going on, but not to other wars more to their taste. The decision was eight-to-one; Justice Douglas was, of course, the one. The precise effect and long-range importance of the decision are hard to gauge. If selective conscientious objection were allowed it is likely that a draft system would not be able to operate. On the other hand, Congress could have removed the exemption for conscientious objectors altogether. Under this new ruling there still are, and will be, conscientious objectors but the position is more difficult to assert, and more difficult to fake, than selective objection. And then, of course, the volunteer army pends, the institution of which would render the question, except, perhaps, in time of future national emergency, moot. Nevertheless, it is an important issue which, like an increasing number of issues before the Burger Court, has been decided properly.

In another case the Court ruled that job tests given by employers have to be related to job performance. The Civil Rights Act of 1964 allowed the use of "profession-

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ally developed ability tests" which were not designed or used to discriminate against any group. The Court, seeing no relation between the ability to tell that "B.C." meant "Before Christ" or to distinguish between "adopt" and "adept" and probable job performance, declared that it is the consequences of, not the motivation behind, the tests that is important. The burden is on the employer to show that the test is related to performance. Which, whatever one thinks of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, makes sense in its context. And professionals who develop ability tests ought to be able to satisfy the Court's criterion.

In a third case the Court let stand the ban by Maryland's highest court on the erotic movie, *I Am Curious (Yellow)*. The vote was four-to-four, with Justice Douglas abstaining presumably because Grove Press, the distributor of the film, also printed a portion of one of his books in its *Evergreen Review*. The abstention could produce a curious result, illustrating why judges, however active they are before they sit on the bench, should be wary about their extrajudicial activities thereafter. In future obscenity cases which do not involve Grove Press Justice Douglas can be expected to participate and cast the deciding vote for finding the material not obscene. But in cases involving Grove Press the vote, with Douglas abstaining, could again be four-to-four thus letting stand a lower court finding of obscenity. Thus Grove Press will be put at a disadvantage in relation to other smut peddlers. So if you're planning a smut operation, take care in choosing which and how many Supreme Court Justices you ask along.

The Fight

Congratulations, Frazier—you've paid your dues, and now *you're* the "onliest champion in the world." Sorry, Ali—we couldn't help rather liking you; you were always a beautiful boxer; anyhow, we know we haven't heard the last of you. It was a good enough fight, when we finally got to see it, but somehow it just wasn't like the old days. Sure, it was a National Event like Johnson *v.* Jeffries or Dempsey *v.* Tunney or Louis *v.* Schmeling. Very few were the Americans who hadn't a favorite, a prediction of the outcome, a few bucks riding.

But relatively few, also, were the Americans who could enjoy the feeling of *being there*, as we all used to over radio or television. A generation ago, every one of us who could make it to his Zenith heard Clem McCarthy hollering "The Goiman is down! The Goiman is down!" The other night, a couple of million who could afford twenty or thirty bucks for a ticket, and were within driving distance of one of the scattering of theaters that showed the fight on closed-circuit TV, heard commentary in the Hollywood-cool voice of Burt Lancaster, and watched the single knockdown over and over again in Instant Replay.

The rest of us were out in the cold. We waited glumly for the Eleven O'Clock News or the morning papers. After all the buildup, all the excitement, we felt a little bit cheated. A fight, dammit, is something you watch in your living room, or over a beer at Tiny's—not something you get all dressed up and go downtown for.

We wonder if Messrs. Perenchio and Cooke will get the closed-circuit rights to the 1972 elections.

Are the Elephant and the Donkey Twins?

Many conservatives who take their free-market economics seriously have been expressing growing qualms lately at the economic policies of the Nixon Administration. Pointing to the budget, swollen with social welfare expenditures, to the coming nationalization of long-haul rail passenger service, and to the President's reported remark that he too is a Keynesian now, they sadly conclude that it doesn't seem to make any difference who is in the White House, at least where economics is concerned. But before we write off Richard Nixon as just another donkey in pachyderm clothing, we should at least take a fuller look at the record.

Who are the President's economic advisers? There are few professors from Harvard or Yale in Washington these days, but plenty from the Middle West. The President's most influential economic mentor, George Schultz, is from the University of Chicago's School of Business, and lines up far to the right of any high-level adviser to Presidents Kennedy or Johnson. The Council of Economic Advisers, Nixon version, is almost passionate in its devotion to free-market principles and their application. Their Annual Report, for one example, criticizes the over-regulation of the surface freight and air transport industries in a style to bring cheer to the heart of every free-market defender.

Or consider the Nixon Administration's policy on the vexed and momentous issue of communications satellites. In place of its former monopolistic "chosen carrier" approach, the Federal Communications Commission, under strong White House pressure, appears to be on the verge of permitting a variety of private companies to develop the domestic satellite communications field. The Justice Department is vigorously trying to free COMSAT from the smothering embrace of American Telephone & Telegraph.

Muskie Takes a Stand

Euphoric from an early poll
But fighting for his self-control,
He thinks it's safe enough to tweak
The Portuguese in Mozambique.

W. H. VON DREELE

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On another front, the Federal Power Commission, as operating within a Nixon Administration, is trying to get out of the business of regulating natural gas prices at the well-head—an intervention that has had not a little to do with the current shortage in natural gas supplies. Under strong conservative prodding the Family Assistance Plan has been modified in the Administration's latest version to eliminate the Food Stamp program.

Perhaps still more revealing has been the Nixon approach to inflation. In sharp contrast to the mode of any past or would-be Democratic occupant of the White House, the President has moved slowly and cautiously. The contrast is plainly expressed in the rhetoric. "I intend to use all the effective and legitimate powers of government," the President has declared, "to unleash and strengthen those forces of the free market that hold prices down." To that end he has eased import quotas on oil, postponed discussions of proposed steel import quotas, liberalized business depreciation allowances and suspended the provisions of the Davis-Bacon Act that inflated construction costs on federal projects.

In recent weeks there has also been Presidential jawboning in response to some price increases and wage settlements. Mr. Nixon intensely dislikes that sort of tactic, and if other methods fail it would be unrealistic to expect him to forgo using it, or, for that matter, more meaty interventionist measures. But the significant point is that this Administration exhibits a strong presumption in favor of the marketplace and a willingness to give it a chance. If performance is not always up to hope, the Administration's defenders can plead that only angels and absolute dictators can afford not to compromise in practice.

The Sadat Initiative

In offering "secure and recognized borders" and "freedom of navigation" in the Suez Canal and the Strait of Tiran (see "Détente in the Mideast," p. 312), President Sadat of Egypt has made an astute move in the current phase of Middle Eastern diplomacy and power politics. He seems to have offered, that is, Israel's maximum goals prior to the Six-Day War, which has turned into the four-year war, hoping to recoup through negotiations what was lost on the battlefield.

The moment may be propitious. The UN voted—unanimously—in 1967 against any Israeli expansion via military conquest, and the United States has consistently opposed other than minor border changes. As the sine qua non of Israeli security, Washington must be presumed to have considerable leverage in Tel Aviv. Nevertheless, as usual in the Middle East, there are complexities within complexities. The Soviet Union, after using the Arab-Israeli conflict as its own entering wedge into the Middle East, now desires the reopening of the Suez Canal in order to expand its power and influence in the Indian Ocean and in the Persian Gulf. The United States, on the other hand, while desiring to recover its influence in the Arab world, is not necessarily—given its relative decline in naval strength—anxious to hurry the reopening of the Canal. President Sadat holds a very good hand, but several different decks of cards are simultaneously present in the game.

Who's Next?

The Tupamaros, told by the United States and Uruguay they could not have their way, finally released Mr. Fly. The "Turkish People's Liberation Army," told by the United States and Turkey they could not have $400,000 in ransom, quickly released those four American airmen. The hard line adopted by Washington (with the support of the men in greatest danger, our foreign service officers) seems to work—at least when the kidnapees are little more than innocent victims of chance, not important persons whom the baddies can justifiably kill as authentic imperialist devils. Perhaps now the kidnaping fad will die out, as hijacking did before it.

Or will the world's revolutionaries change tactics, and select their victims more carefully? One wonders, for instance, what President Nixon would have done had the East Coast Conspiracy gone through with its alleged plan to kidnap Henry Kissinger. How firm would Washington be if some globetrotting Cabinet member or junketing senator were snatched? Should the Laos operation be successful and Vietnamization work, Hanoi could get awfully nasty about those American POWs. Ugly speculations, to be sure, all of them—but justified, all the same. Is there a contingency plan?

Notes & Asides

■ For the benefit of the many people who have called and written to say that they had office pools on the 1970 Prophet of the Year, here are the official correct answers: 1) F; 2) F; 3) T; 4) T; 5) T; 6) F; 7) T; 8) T; 9) T; 10) F; 11) F; 12) F; 13) F; 14) F; 15) F; 16) F; 17) T; 18) F; 19) T; 20) T; 21) T; 22) F; 23) F; 24) F; 25) T. Dow Jones industrial average: 838.92.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: Some weeks ago [Dec. 1, 1970], your column consisted of a defense of Beethoven's early music against an assailant unknown to me. Since reading that, I have struggled not to answer you, because letter-writing is a habit I am trying to kick. But tonight I am recidive, popping typewriter again.

First, before I get to the meat of my reply, may I say that your capacity to pick up on music has long been a

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sign for me that your character has in it the seeds of redemption? Your piece in rebuttal of the adolescent militant who called Bach "an old punk" was—I can think of no other terms—a lovely deed: it struck the young know-nothings (this one was black, but irrelevantly so) where they are vulnerable, on their insensibility to the little that mankind *has* achieved of persistent worth. Politically and sociologically, I fancy myself something of a rampant nihilist; but unless we can destroy your system of economic privilege while retaining the works of art which conspicuous consumption has heretofore subsidized, *my* vindictive hand will be stayed.

Now, then—to Beethoven. Again, as so normally in debates you are, you were wrong though plausible in your arguments to refute the iconoclast contributor. Early Beethoven *is*, on the whole, rather hollow and manipulative. Of course, you're right, it's not impossible to enjoy these vacuities, like the *vin ordinaire* you adduce as analogous to them. Yet, if you have a cellarful of distinguished vintages and the means to replenish it (as I doubt not you have) do you nevertheless mortify your palate with less luxurious slurps? The alternative to the early Beethoven, I should say, is not later Beethoven —that, indeed, is of another category like cognac—but Haydn and above all Mozart. When I thirst for the classical idiom in music, which is almost every day, I cannot be satisfied by the young, classical Beethoven: The difference between Mozart's C-minor piano sonata, K. 457, and any early work by Beethoven is (discarding your metaphor) the difference between getting it and jabbing at it and missing. Young B. knew the tricks, the "manipulations" as your correspondent would have it, but he didn't have the soul to manipulate meaningfully. Or, probably, he had the soul but his still-superficial technique couldn't reach it, while Mozart's technical virtuosity formed a conduit from depth. I think this was only in part because Beethoven at 25 (or 30, or 35) was much less mature artistically than Mozart had been at that age; it was also because Mozart had so searched out and used up the possibilities of his methods (which subsume and epitomize, but are not limited by, the "classical style") that any subsequent derivations had to sound like those of a jerk. This difference is emphasized if you compare any of Mozart's adult string quartets with Beethoven's Op. 18—B. was somewhat less out of his depth at the keyboard than elsewhere in the early years, and M. was rarely *quite* at his most profound in solo piano music.

Furthermore: If you can stand the shock, I would place the cut-off point before which Beethoven's work is dismissible not at Op. 47 (or thereabouts—I don't have the text of your column at hand), where your provoker fixed it, but at the A-major sonata, Op. 101. For, while I find the early Beethoven uninteresting, I find most of middle-period Beethoven thoroughly stupid and offensive in its eructations and posturings (something like the way you come on at the lectern, if I may be so personal). One of the greatest astonishments in the history of art is how Beethoven, around the age of 46, after all that ingrained badness of his seemingly final style, burst out of (into?) himself in a strange new often terrifying tranquil fit, the late sonatas, that grew upon him until in his fifties it culminated in those unbelievably and cruelly beautiful quartets that finished him. Only then, at a fantastic distance stylistically and structurally, did Beethoven at last attain an expressive parity with Mozart.

However, I'm told that Horowitz refuses to play the late sonatas because he is sure that Beethoven by the time of their writing must have been deaf so long that he had forgotten how the piano should sound. To that, I would answer with the thought that Beethoven's physical deafness was less an affliction than the one Horowitz is suffering from. There are others with a similar defect, and if you are one, by all means continue to be absorbed in the earlier compositions. They, too, are not altogether without humanizing potential, therapy for Buckley.

(I have, by the way, the Brendel set you offer. But I commend you for your generosity, and I hope to hell you got enough takers to deplete your oil-depletion rake-off by a tenth of a per cent for the year.)

Harlan Spore
Pine Bluff, Ark.

Good show, Spore. If it were so, that is how it should be stated. Cordially —*WFB*

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In *Rumbles Left and Right*, you refer to Harry Golden as "the high priest of yahoo liberalism." Some queries: a) What is "yahoo liberalism" exactly? b) Does Harry Golden still hold the high priesthood, or has he been replaced? c) Is there a high priestess, and is she Bella Abzug or Shirley Chisholm?

William Chadwick
Broad Channel, N.Y.

"Yahoo liberalism" is fundamentalist liberalism— in the genre of Roosevelt, E. Mr. Harry Golden, having said a few sensible things in recent years, wears the title shakily. Mrs. Abzug is too shrill to qualify, Mrs. Chisholm does her best, but T. Wicker drowns them all out. —*WFB*

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In your column "On the Right" [*NR*, Jan. 12] you mentioned a Smiley Boeing and an Alicia Boeing. "They were together holding hands when the *Titanic* went down." Being somewhat of a *Titanic* buff, I checked the passenger list for these two passengers. Not only were these two missing from the first-class list, they were also absent from the second- and third-class lists. I had previously taken your every word to be utter truth. Have I been misled? Was the article a misprint?

Debi Wolin
East Brunswick, N.J.

They were traveling under assumed names, and we are pledged not to reveal the aliases. —**WFB**

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JAMES BURNHAM

THE RIGHT TO LEAVE

THE PROTRACTED CONFLICT

What familiarity breeds more usually than contempt is indifference or simply inattention. We gradually stop noticing what has been around a long time. This inattention and indifference amount to a passive acceptance, and we thus come to accept and disregard what we may have apprehended originally as wondrous beauty, fearful threat or unspeakable horror. Of all species, man is the most adaptable; this reduction of realities to the ordinary is one of his primary means of adaptation. The human soul could not long endure reality raw, either the beauties or the horrors.

I started meditating on this adaptive process the other day when I happened to read, in succession, a letter—a very simply written letter—from two Soviet Jews asking why they were not permitted to leave the Soviet Union, and a dispatch from Bucharest reaffirming the refusal of the Rumanian government to let any of Rumania's 400,000 ethnic Germans leave that country.

Communist regimes have been around quite a while now; it has become almost impossible to see them. And of course there are lots of people to tell us that there's not much to see anyway, that Communist regimes are not really much different from non-Communist regimes.

Current publicity about the thousands of Soviet Jews wanting to get out and (except for a trickle forced by international pressure) not being allowed to get out could remind us, if we are willing to be reminded, what Communist regimes are really like, and how close to absolute the difference is between those regimes and ours, for all the stains and tatters on our banner.

We do not have to think further, if we think deeply enough, than about this "right to leave." Surely this is in the first rank, quite probably first of all, among the human rights that define a free society, even though it is not featured in the Bills and Declarations. Think carefully: What is the name for a place from which I may not leave? The name is "prison"; that is the definition, the meaning, of "prison." Some prisons are no doubt nicer than others; but they are all alike places from which I may not leave. Whoever, before Communism, heard of a nation having a wall to keep people from *leaving*?—only prisons have that sort of wall.

If You Don't Like It, Leave

Anyone (except those under some kinds of due legal process) may leave the United States whenever he feels like it, for good reason or bad or no reason at all. If he doesn't like it, he can get out. Of course he doesn't *have* to get out—and this too is a very important freedom. Interestingly enough, very few, even of those who *say* they don't like it at all, who say in fact that they hate and despise it, do get out, though they are free to do so at any time. Also interestingly, outsiders come in, to stay in, by the hundreds of thousands every year from every other nation of the world, and would come by tens of millions if the right to entry were not limited by concern for the rate at which newcomers can be absorbed.

Who wants to enter a Communist-ruled nation and live there? No one may leave; and no one wants to enter, except for a handful of romantic ideologues in the earliest years, some foreign Communists on the lam from criminal charges, and a few leftovers from revolutionary defeats.

The significant point is not how many people *do* leave or even how many want to leave, but whether they *may* leave, whether they have the *right* to leave. Suppose I lived in a cell of a prison, but under an arrangement according to which I might leave the prison whenever I chose to. —But that supposition is self-contradictory and meaningless: if I were free to leave when I chose, then it would not *be* a prison, and I would not be a prisoner. It is not the walls that make a prison, but the lack of an exit. If the exit gate is open, I might still not choose to leave, but in my right to do so I possess the essential minimum that makes me a free man. Indeed, no matter how wide the exit from a nation and how miserable the conditions inside, most inhabitants would stay home, out of ignorance, lethargy, piety, ancestral loyalties or cynicism. The comparative ease with which Yugoslavs may leave—as they do by the hundreds of thousands, mostly to work in Switzerland, West Germany and Belgium, usually to return home after a spell—is the best proof that Yugoslavia has actually made a break with true Communism, in spite of the severe restrictions on political action and civil liberties that remain. (As if in automatic reflex, the outward movement of Yugoslavs has been followed by the inpouring of millions of visitors from Western nations.)

Man as Prisoner

Communism is not "just another form of government," as Communists have always told us it is not. With the coming of Communism, "pre-history ends and history begins." The task becomes that of fashioning "a new man" —"Soviet man," who to the freshly looking eye is revealed to be none other than that most ancient of human avatars, *the prisoner*. But the Soviet Jews lately, and the Polish workers in the past three months, also remind us that in every prison, no matter how ruthless or how kindly the warden, there are always at least some prisoners who seek to leave. This too the Communists know, and therefore conclude that their Wall cannot be secure until it encompasses all the earth, until the whole world is the prison—until, as they say it, "the international Party shall be the human race." □

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ANARCHY IN CHILE

Chile's Che Guevara?

NENA OSSA

COMANDANTE PEPE is no myth. He is very much alive, standing before us, pistol and knife in his belt, ready for action. Black boots, black leather jacket, black Andalusian hat, very black hair, a mustache and brown eyes that twinkle mischievously in a light-complexioned, freckled face. He has just finished telling us that the confrontation with the bourgeois opposition is inevitable. "Up to now the rich have abused the poor . . . a minority has exploited the many. . . . It is time for the rich to pay . . ." And so on. A man President Allende's government will have to contend with—and yet, two days after Comandante Pepe talked with us, Jacques Chonchol, Minister of Agriculture in the Allende government, gave a press interview in which he insisted that Pepe didn't exist.

Our meeting took place in Liquiñe, an area deep in the southern slopes of the Andes where dense woods support a thriving timber trade. Now Liquiñe is headquarters of the 26-year-old "comandante." Pepe speaks with a slightly foreign accent inherited from his Basque parents. Gregorio José Liendo is his real name. He was born in Magallanes, the southernmost province of Chile, where wild winds, snows and freezing temperatures have brought forth a breed of man far tougher than the northerners who live in more temperate climes. Gregorio's father ran a dairy and his son worked until he was sent to school in Santiago, nearly a thousand miles away. There the boy turned first to the Communist youth movement, but finding that unsatisfactory—too slow—he joined the extremist leftist group called *Movimiento de Izquierda Revolucionaria* (MIR), which was organized at the University of Concepción in 1965. The Miristas are young, arrogant, bullheaded, idealistic and extremely well organized. They operate in all eight of the autonomous universities of Chile. Concepción is their headquarters, and there they dominate the student body of seven thousand. Associated with them are two other extremist factions, the FER (*Federación de Estudiantes Revolucionarios*) and MCR (*Movimiento Campesino Revolucionaria*), both of which have in these recent summer months sent emissaries to town, village and farm, propagandizing the slogan: "Let's arm the peasants for the fight."

No one knows how many students and young professionals are members of MIR. The movement is well organized and coordinates its actions in Santiago, Valparaíso and Valdivia. It was to Valdivia, a peaceful city settled in large part by German immigrants before the end of the last century, that Pepe went to study agricultural engineering after his early schooling in Santiago. In the fourth year of his studies (two years ago) he abandoned the university to take up the cause of the landless farmers. He found their plight more relevant than the techniques the university could teach him.

Or so he says. His sincerity is obvious when he speaks. But what he and MIR want above all is not so much land reform as violent revolution. The victory of the Communists and the Socialists, by which Allende came to power by the slimmest possible vote last September, is not good enough. The people are still too attached, the Miristas feel, to the poisonous comforts that capitalism holds out, and this feeling must be uprooted. "Historically, violent revolution is inevitable," said Pepe. "The conservatives and the army won't permit the rich to be stripped of their possessions, and that means civil war. Not an inch of the soil [we have seized] will be returned and none of the campesinos will leave their liberated land. We are willing to kill and die . . ."

This conversation took place in front of the barricaded entrance to a farm called Trafún. There were thirty-odd peasants around and ten Miristas. The Chilean flag planted in front of the farm indicated that 25,000 hectares (roughly 65,000 acres) of cleared slopes and endless forests had been "seized" two nights before, including all machinery, trucks, tools and animals at hand, by Comandante Pepe's forces. The six administrators in the area were, in fact, prisoners and would remain so until the government sent in a controller to determine what should be done with the property. More than three hundred farms have been seized in southern Chile since November 3 (the day Allende was sworn into office as President) and in most cases a government controller has been sent in to run the confiscated farms in the interim period.

Not all the farms are under Pepe's command. He has chosen to take over the distant woodland areas: a million acres, possibly more by now, of jungles and sawmills that spread along the Argentinian border from Osorno to Cautín. It's also a wonderful area in which to hide out from the law, if that becomes necessary.

It was not easy to reach Comandante Pepe. Winding dirt roads that weave around splendid cobalt and silver lakes, twist suddenly toward mountains and white volcanoes that seem—on clear days—almost painted in against the blue skies. Beautiful lonely trails take their toll of car springs; myriads of bridges span dozens of rivers (bridges that could be easily cut to hamper attacking forces).

THE ARMY BOASTS that in four days it could crush the Miristas, no matter how well armed they are. Officers say they have taken no action to stop the seizures of farm and woodlands in recent months because they have been forbidden to move against Pepe and the other land-grabbers. They are optimistic that come winter the rebel forces will be caught short of provisions, be beaten by the intolerable cold. But these are young people caught up in the dream of changing history. Will hunger or cold stop them? Today you find them sleeping anywhere, laughing at the rain. They eat sparingly, touch alcohol not at all. They are leading a life of austerity, very like the austerity in which the campesinos live and die. And the campesinos are impressed. They feel that these young people who have come to change their lives are very near to gods.

I am told by those who have not met Miristas, "Yes, what you say may be true, but when they fail to give the campesinos better conditions than they

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knew before, most will turn against their new-found idols." Perhaps. But it is my opinion that what Comandante Pepe has given these people is more vital than food. By calling everyone "Campañero," by teaching them to work together in communal projects, by listening patiently to whatever the campesinos have to say, by allowing them to take part in every discussion and in every meal, by riding and driving from invaded farm to invaded farm and holding constant meetings at each farm, he has given them, the laborers, a sense of importance and a new dignity. They may in time turn against their Robin Hood. But it is doubtful they will ever again calmly accept the conditions in which they lived in the past. Unless they wake up soon to the realization that they are being used as a means to overthrow the Allende government: that they are being cast as pawns, a mass of committed silent people who will help the guerrillas win that violent revolution Comandante Pepe is always talking about.

To know that Comandante Pepe existed was not enough. First we talked to campesinos at other invaded farms, asking for his whereabouts. Later (I was traveling with a British journalist) we had to face up, without sign of fear, to angry looking men who stopped us at the barricaded gate of Trafún. They were armed with machetes and a gun they tried to hide from sight. (The MIR is said to have a cache of machine guns in these mountains. We saw no sign of any.) Finally Comandante Pepe came out, accompanied by ten Ministas. He was wearing a pistol. Beside him walked an attractive 23-year-old girl, Valentina by name, a former student at the University of Concepción. Valentina is a Marxist. She has spent the last five months in Liquiñe, working among the campesinos.

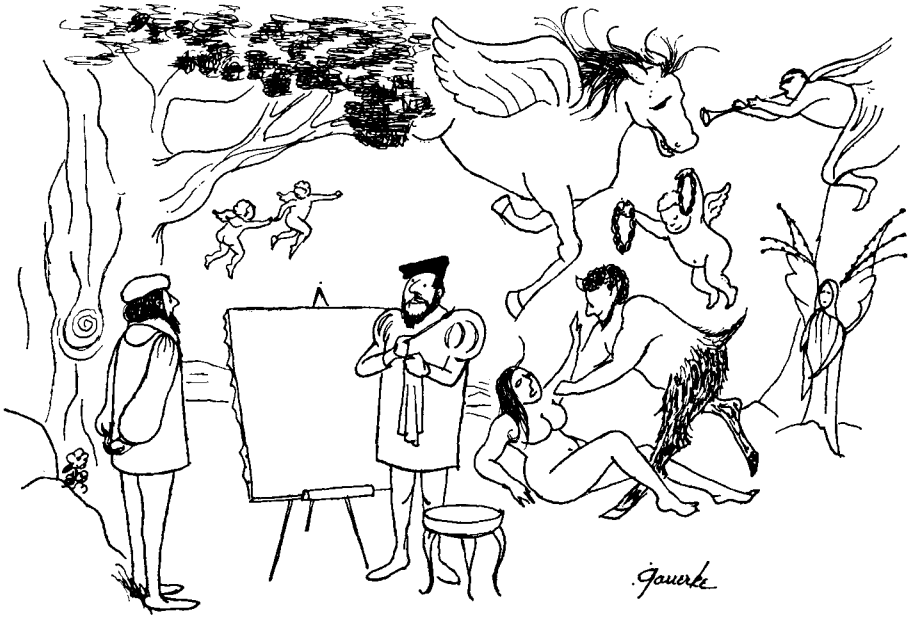
Half an hour's talk at the barricade, then Pepe invited us to visit the farm. He told us he'd show us the house of Herr Kuntsmann, the owner of Trafún. "It's a luxurious house. It will show you how well landowners live while they allow the poor to rot in miserable huts," he told us. In fact, the Kuntsmann house was large but unpretentious. It was only in contrast to some of the peasant hovels that it could have been called luxurious.

We talked for several hours in the living room. Animated, easy, unafraid. At least fifty peasants sat around, listening. It was to them, rather than to us, that Pepe and his followers directed their Marxist harangue. The conversation brought to mind Strelnikov in *Dr. Zhivago*. Like Strelnikov, the Ministas refuse to agree that they have already won their revolution. If their victory had been won at the polls on September 4, where would they be heading now?

Much was said that afternoon and much confirmed. First, Pepe is not a legend. But he is also not an independent operator. He obeys orders from Ministas above and around him and they, in turn, are part of a well oiled and very firm chain of command that runs a thousand kilometers from Santiago to Puerto Monte. Second, they believe the final confrontation in Chile will be rural, not urban. Third, Agriculture Minister Jacques Chonchol may be saying publicly that these illegal invasions of farms and sawmills are an embarrassment to the government, but privately he seems to be encouraging the Ministas in their course. How better to get landowners to agree to the legal terms of agricultural reform than by the veiled threat that if they don't their property will be seized out of hand and no compensation paid? Fourth, though he's not the top man in MIR, Pepe is the only man who has the charisma to transform this pre-guerrilla movement into a full-fledged revolt that will turn the million acres of seized land into a "free Chile" and that will, in turn, trigger the violent revolution Pepe and MIR desire. At present there are only five thousand campesinos involved—not enough. But in this liberated area it is MIR, and not the government, that lays down the rules. "No controller we dislike will set foot in any farm we have seized," Pepe told us proudly.

What is President Allende to do about this? How does he regard the anarchy that prevails over more than one million acres of his country? Some say he is infinitely worried by the situation. Others say infinitely terrified would be a better description. Rumors have it that he wears a bulletproof vest, not so much as protection against right-wing assassins as against MIR.

Will the time come when he will loose his army on the rebels? The situation is slipping away from him. But if he decides some day to crack down on the Comandante Pepes in the south, will that not trigger an explosive wave of Tupamaro-style kidnapings that will themselves become another pretext for those who want to go the rest of the way and transform Dr. Allende's government into a dictatorship of the Left? How long can a government continue to govern that allows vast swatches of its territory to be controlled by those who refuse to recognize its authority? This is President Allende's dilemma. □



"I paint the ordinary, everyday world I see around me."

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THE VOUCHER SYSTEM

Why is it that educationists go red in the face when you mention the voucher system? Could it be that if parents are offered a choice they might opt out of the public schools?

Slates and Hamsters

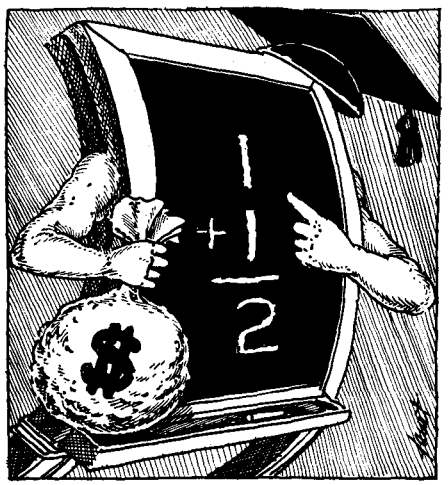
JOHN R. COYNE JR.

AMERICAN EDUCATION is, we all agree, in rotten shape.

We spend about $40 billion per year on education — more, writes Peter Drucker in *The Age of Discontinuity*, "than on all other nondefense community services together—health care, welfare, farm subsidies . . ."

What do we get for this massive investment? No one really knows. There is no comprehensive published information on how school children are faring nationwide. Why not? Because, some critics contend, the educationist establishment doesn't dare release available figures. The nearest thing to a national report yet issued, compiled in 1966 for the Defense Department, shows that one out of every four American men fails the Armed Forces Qualifying Tests because he can't read an elementary passage, write a simple sentence or add a basic sum. One-quarter of our population, in other words, after at least ten years of spending five hours or more per day in American classrooms, is functionally illiterate. The percentage in the ghettos is much worse: There, two out of three flunk the qualifying tests.

We all know the schools are doing a dismal job. The question is: How do we make them better? Restructure the classroom itself, runs one of the hoariest reformist recipes. But how? Liberals argue that classrooms are structured too rigidly. Charles E. Silberman, for instance, author of *Crisis in American Education*, says that schools stifle children by tending "to confuse day-to-day routine with purpose and to transform the means into the end itself." If the emphasis were on "creative" learning rather than on order, children would *want* to learn and therefore would do so.



But such ideas offend conservative parents who believe that the schools aren't structured tightly enough. Imagine for instance the reaction of Max Rafferty were he to wander into that North Dakota school celebrated by Silberman, where rabbits, chickens, hamsters, children and white rats all learn together in cardboard boxes. Most conservative parents would probably react similarly, insisting that if schools just forgot about such fripperies and returned to the three Rs, fifth graders would once again be conjugating irregular Latin verbs, just as they did back in 1906 when things were good.

Now it well may be that there is nothing wrong with either approach. Perhaps your little Gwendolyn will one day win a Nobel Prize in zoology because of those hours spent in a cardboard box with a hamster. And perhaps Waldo will eventually hold a chair in classics at Harvard because he learned to conjugate Latin verbs on his slate in the fifth grade at East Overshoe grammar school. But the problem is this: If Waldo lives in Minot, North Dakota, he will not be conjugating, for, unless his parents have a good deal of money, they will send him to the public school to which he is assigned. And if Gwendolyn's parents live in East Overshoe, the same will be true for her. Thus Waldo will be paired with the hamster, Gwendolyn will scribble unhappily on her slate. And the parents will be able to do nothing whatsoever about it, even though East Overshoe may lie only five miles from Minot.

Everyone Revolting

And yet Waldo and Gwendolyn are lucky. Imagine the plight of destitute black parents in places such as New York or Newark, where ghetto schools are daily torn by violence, where white unionized teachers, quite obviously more concerned with paychecks than teaching, strike at will, where children seldom reach the eighth grade able to read. Such schools have given up even the pretense of attempting to educate. Yet when frustrated parents try to act, as they did in New York in Ocean Hill-Brownsville, for instance, they are crushed by the self-serving educationist bureaucracy. And so ghetto-school parents have no options. They are denied a voice in running their schools and because they are poor they are unable to vote with their feet. The result? A generation of sub-literate black children. And violence. The brutal beating of a striking group of white Newark teachers by a crew of blacks should surprise no one familiar with the frustrations of ghetto parents.

And it is not only black parents who are in revolt against the educationist structure. Middle- and upper-middle-class parents are also rebelling by firmly closing their pocketbooks. In the *Phi*

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Delta Kappan, George Gallup writes: "Budgets and bond issues are being voted down in increasing number . . . in the last year (fiscal 1969) school bond issues were voted down by voters at a record rate. By dollar value, voters approved less than 44 per cent of the $3.9 billion in bond issues put to the electorate. The $1.7 billion that passed comprise the lowest total since 1962. A decade ago 80 per cent of such bond issues were approved." And this before the recession. If the trend persists, we will see widespread closings of public schools.

Educationists Lobby

It becomes increasingly clear that the American public has lost faith in its system of public education. To borrow a phrase currently in vogue, the system is unresponsive to the needs of the people. "The same thing is wrong with the school system that is wrong with the Post Office," says Milton Friedman. "The government monopoly tends to be inefficient and costly, and most important of all, it is not responsive to the wishes of its customers." And how to make the system responsive? According to psychologist Kenneth Clark, the key is "aggressive competition." Let schools compete for students by promising to educate them better than other schools. And if they fail to keep their promise, let them close down. "We need a spectrum of educational institutions giving families a variety of schools," writes Dean Theodore Sizer of the Harvard education school. A responsive system, said OEO Director Donald Rumsfeld, must be one in which "poor parents would be able to exercise some opportunity to choose similar to that now enjoyed by wealthier parents who can move to a better public-school district or send their children to private schools." Responsiveness, competitiveness, flexibility, mobility, free choice, variety. Slates and hamsters. Almost all critics believe that these are the necessary ingredients of a successfully restructured school system. And an increasing number of them, no matter what their ideological or political hue, agree that this restructuring can best be accomplished by adopting the voucher system.

Although the basic idea can be traced back to Adam Smith, the voucher plan was first proposed in contemporary form by E. C. West in 1965 in *Education and the State*. West, an English economist, believed that education should be removed from the direct control of the state and that the poor as well as the rich should be able to exercise some measure of control over the education of their children. In America the plan is lauded by conservatives such as Milton Friedman, left-radicals such as Christopher Jencks, and numerous Administration officials.

There has been an unusual amount of academic haggling over the details of the plan's administration, so that many have come to view it as hairily complex. But actually it's a simple scheme. An issuing agency—state, city, town, school board—gives to the parents of a school-age child a chit approximately equal to the amount it takes to educate that child during the school year, say about $800. The parents then hand over this voucher to the school—public or private—in which they want to enroll their child. The school turns the voucher in to the issuing agency, and the agency reimburses the school. Advocates of the system believe that it would encourage competition among public schools and would also encourage the growth of a network of private innovative schools competing with the public schools for students, such competition providing an incentive for both public and private schools to maintain high standards. Gwendolyn's parents, in other words, wouldn't have to move from East Overshoe to give her her hamster.

Despite the attractiveness of the voucher plan, it has so far been given little chance to prove itself. Virginia put it into effect statewide in 1958, but it never really worked out, operating as it did in the shadow of the Supreme Court desegregation decision. And in addition to racial complications, the stipends were never quite large enough, so that by 1967 the experiment was largely deemed a failure. In Maine and New Hampshire, about two thousand children are involved in plans roughly similar to proposed voucher plans, but their situation is the result of demographic expediency (they live outside organized school districts). New York legislators have proposed a modified voucher plan for parochial school students in New York, a governor's commission has come out for vouchers in Maryland, and voucher bills have been introduced in the California legislature.

The voucher system has trouble getting a trial, primarily because it is vehemently opposed by the educationist establishment. It is no coincidence that on the day the OEO expressed interest in trying it out in Kansas City, an educationist coalition, led by the American Federation of Teachers, was formed in Washington "to work against the implementation of the education voucher plan anywhere in the United States."

Anyone can figure out why the educationists fear the voucher system. It would force them to produce or lose their cushy benefits. Still, several of their objections to vouchers merit consideration, for some of them are also shared by people with honest doubts. There are four general arguments against vouchers: 1) the voucher plan would turn public schools into "dumping grounds," serving only children rejected by all other schools; 2) the plan would encourage racial segregation; 3) the plan would make "hucksterism" the order of the day: private schools would dazzle parents with fads and gimmicks and parents would be too bewildered to choose schools wisely; 4) vouchers would encourage the growth of parochial schools at the expense of others, and vouchers cashed in by church schools would violate the constitutional principle of separation of church and state.

Jencks' Plan

Dr. Jencks, architect of the voucher plan favored by OEO, addresses himself to the first two arguments. "Dumping grounds" is obviously code for all-black schools: Blacks would stay in public schools, everyone else would flee to private schools, and the result would be, objection 2), segregation. To prevent this Jencks has worked out an involved system. His voucher agency, which would disperse all local, state and federal funds for the sole purpose of redeeming vouchers, would include a certain number of blacks. Schools would be required to accept vouchers as full payment and would not be allowed to raise tuition above voucher level, thereby insuring that the poor would not be penalized for poverty. Schools would choose students partly by processing applications and partly by lottery, and financial supplements would be offered to those schools choosing low-income children, thereby making it profitable to take poor blacks.

Milton Friedman, who finds the Jencks plan unnecessarily complex and

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fears that it will result in a bureaucracy just as complex as the present one, gives the first two objections short shrift. In the first place, he says, the city schools are *already* dumping grounds, and there is nothing on the horizon, given the present system, that promises to change this. New York City schools are among the most segregated in the world, and the flight to the suburbs simply strengthens the pattern. Conceivably, says Friedman, as a variety of schools develops catering to special talents and needs, the voucher system could lessen the white exodus from the cities and might even bring some people back. Things could certainly get no worse.

No matter what angle you examine it from, the "dumping ground" argument seems a curious one, almost as if the educationists hadn't quite thought their argument through. For what they are saying is that public schools are so wretched that no one with any ability at all would stay in them if there were alternatives.

An Alternative

The "hucksterism" charge, leveled most frequently by AFT President David Selden, seems anchored in the notion that parents are incapable of choosing wisely for their children, that they must be led by the hand by those wiser than they, in this case, presumably, the AFT. Parents surely know at least as much about education as they do about, say, medicine. Yet no one seriously champions the creation of some elite body that would dictate to Mrs. Garkle which doctor should remove Gwendolyn's tonsils.

The church-state argument is the most complex. Voucher defenders claim that there is no constitutional problem involved, since if parents sent their children to parochial schools the government would not be making payment to the schools but to the parents. This, of course, is an argument that will have to be resolved by the courts. But to those critics who believe that the voucher system would benefit church schools at the expense of the public, Milton Friedman offers an ingenious answer. At present, says Friedman, in most parts of the country, parents send their children to parochial schools not because they're religious but because they're *private*. Parochial schools, in other words, offer the only alternative to public schools that middle- and working-class parents can afford. The voucher system, Friedman argues, would create a new kind of public school that every middle-class family could afford.

Closely related to this argument is the contention that the price of land and construction would prevent private secular schools from coming into existence in sufficient number to compete with the parochial. Tuition in the form of vouchers can keep a school running, but before you collect tuition, you have to build the school. This objection is one of the most telling, but it touches upon things we as yet have no way of evaluating, and it is invalid insofar as it rests on the false assumption that the quality of education is somehow directly related to the cost and effectiveness of the physical plant. Why couldn't a small experimental school in a tenement, renovated by teachers, parents and students, provide just as rewarding an education as some $5-million concrete-and-glass complex? Or why couldn't a remodeled Victorian house in Westport do the same? The quality of education can't be measured by the number of feet of carpeting in the library.

It remains doubtful whether the voucher system will get a chance to prove itself. The word out of Washington until very recently was that it is dead as an OEO project. But on January 20, in a speech in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, Frank Carlucci, new OEO acting director, announced that his agency would award preliminary planning grants to school districts in Indiana and California interested in setting up experimental voucher programs. And San Francisco, San Diego and Seattle have also expressed strong interest in similar grants.

Crusade To Stifle

But there's tough going ahead, for the educationist lobby is digging in. "The critics," said Rumsfeld, "are certain, or so they say, of their own concern for education and they deny that anyone else is concerned or can have any reason to be dissatisfied. They fear experimentation because it may call into question their own dogmas and orthodoxies. They seem to be embarked on a crusade to stifle efforts . . . to improve." Some of these critics, theorized Rumsfeld, "think their profession must be insulated from change. They fear the consequences of new techniques because, I suspect, they doubt their ability to adapt to them. They conceal their fear in the fog of educational jargon and claim that only they can evaluate themselves. They reject the idea of accountability and want to ensure that their paychecks and perquisites are maintained regardless of what is achieved in the classroom."

The hard truth, of course, is that education is under the control of a monopoly which, although perhaps the single most powerful lobbying group in Washington, is much less adept at educating than lobbying. When the teachers' groups become just one more special-interest group with a vested interest in protecting themselves at the expense of the people they supposedly serve, then we must view with suspicion the misgivings they express over experimentation. When they call the idea of a voucher system "a tragic mistake," as does the AFT, then we must wonder whether they mean a tragic mistake for the country or for the AFT. Says Harvard's Dean Sizer: "Given the condition of the schools that serve poor youngsters, it takes a depressing amount of paranoia to suggest that we should not even give the voucher plan a reasonable trial." □

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LETTER FROM TEL AVIV

Détente in the Mideast

TAKI THEODORACOPULOS

BECAUSE it was so obvious to those of us who were foreign guests in Egypt just before the Feb. 5 ceasefire renewal that the regime was doing its best to whip up a war psychosis, President Sadat's sudden announcement of his willingness to negotiate a peace treaty with Israel seemed to hit Cairo like an earthquake.

In the now-famous interview with *Newsweek* senior editor Arnaud de Borchgrave, Sadat outlined Egypt's terms: "If Israel returns our land under the Security resolution, we pledge our solemn word on the inviolability and political independence of every state in the area, including Israel. The territorial integrity of Israel in secure and recognized borders will be guaranteed by the Big Four. Israel will enjoy freedom of navigation in the Canal and the Strait [of Tiran], again guaranteed."

A startling announcement, especially so when one recalls the uncompromising tone of the 1967 Khartoum resolution: "No negotiation, no peace and no recognition of the state of Israel." Sadat's statement represented a complete about-face: For the first time since the establishment of the Jewish state, Cairo declared its willingness to recognize Israel as a sovereign nation.

Why the new line? People close to the President believe that Western diplomats have finally managed to convince him that by beating the military drums he is playing Israel's game. Rattle the sabers too loudly, they have argued, and a fourth round with Israel is inevitable. And the fourth time around, Israel won't stop at the Suez Canal. Despite the objections of Egypt's politically powerful army, the advice began to sink in. The diplomatic concern wasn't purely altruistic, of course. Westerners believed that a continued militaristic stance strengthens the Soviet influence in Egypt. And then there's the matter of the Canal. The 20 to 30 per cent rise in the price of oil would be considerably cushioned for the European consumer if the Canal were reopened and freight charges thus lowered by a comparable amount.

But whatever the motives, Western diplomats seem to have regained a good deal of influence. Few sophisticated Egyptians now believe that war is imminent. As things now stand, they feel, only hotheads like Qadhafi of Libya or the Palestinian guerrillas could trigger another war. Even the Egyptian army shares this view, for it realizes it simply couldn't carry it off militarily.

This is not to say that Sadat's doveish overtures are universally popular, of course. Figures such as Vice President Ali Sabry and Socialist Union Party chief Abul Nour are staunch friends of the Soviets, and fear the revival of Western influence. Such men hope that if Sadat eventually agrees to a treaty calling for less than total Israeli withdrawal, he will be denounced as a traitor in the rest of the Arab world. King Faisal of Saudi Arabia, the Emir of Kuwait and Qadhafi of Libya may sit on different sides of the ideological fence, but they are united in their hatred for Israel.

Nevertheless, Sadat made his move. He outlined his peace proposals and then tossed them across the Canal into the lap of the Israelis. De Borchgrave served as intermediary. Explaining to Israel's Prime Minister, Golda Meir, Sadat's delicate position, he tried to evoke from her a positive response to the plan. But Mrs. Meir, thinking the Sadat interview a publicity stunt aimed at American readers and expecting Gunnar Jarring to transmit a negative Egyptian official statement momentarily, was unresponsive. And then, just two hours after her interview with de Borchgrave, the official Egyptian reply to Jarring's plan for negotiations came in: It was almost a duplicate of the interview, a statement that Egypt was willing to give Israel a peace proposal in exchange for withdrawal.

Here the plot thickens. Prime Minister Meir had her staff call *Newsweek*, requesting that the story be killed and inviting de Borchgrave back immediately for a second interview. De Borchgrave returned and held his second interview, running through a list of questions similar to those previously asked. He expected, of course, more positive answers, believing that the Prime Minister wanted to reassure Americans that Israel was at least as flexible as Egypt. But this proved not to be so.

If anything, the Prime Minister seemed even more negative the second time around, speaking flatly of major border changes and consistently refusing to explain what Israel means by the phrase "secure, recognized and agreed borders." "If you have no designs on the West Bank of Jordan, why are you settling Jewish families in Hebron?" she was asked. "I refuse to answer questions phrased that way," she replied testily. No change. Why then had de Borchgrave been called back? Many Israeli intellectuals, upset by Israel's loss of the diplomatic initiative, answer that the government had probably changed its mind several times during the period between interviews. When de Borchgrave was called back, they were receptive to Egyptian overtures. By the time he arrived they had snapped back to intransigence. Israeli critics would call it a classic case of "the dynamics of indecision," a condition they view as characteristic of recent government actions. The government can't discuss borders, say these critics, simply because there is no agreement about where they should run. This indecision is especially telling now, they believe, because it seriously threatens relations with Washington. But any sort of agreement over borders seems a long way off.

DR. ITZHAC RAPHAEL, for instance, head of the National Religious Party, the most hawkish group in the coalition, tells correspondents that his party would allow the government to negotiate over Sharm el Sheikh and its approaches. But over the West Bank, Dr. Raphael believes, there will inevitably be a clash, possibly leading to a dissolution of the coalition. The division within the cabinet is deep. The National Religious Party intends to hold on to such West Bank towns as Hebron, and they enjoy the tacit support of the right-wing opposition Gahal Party. Many observers believe that if the National Religious Party, along with several other dissenting splinter parties, defected from the

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CHALLENGE TO ROTC

A Science of War?

LESLIE G. CALLAHAN JR.

CONTINUING protests, sieges and even bombings aimed at driving the ROTC program from the campus are indicative of the fragile links that exist between the university and military communities. After more than a century of officer education on college campuses, complex questions involving curriculum, instructor qualifications, course content and social relevance of the courses have surfaced.

Although a number of issues have developed in the dialogues between individual faculties and their ROTC counterparts at specific universities, they have not been thoroughly debated either in the open literature or in public forum. The issues center around three essential arguments. Argument number one is that military officers are unfit to join a university faculty since they do not have doctoral degrees and are not scholars by temperament. The second argument is concerned with intellectual content and course curriculum. The third argument holds that it is contrary to the philosophy of higher education to teach techniques of violence if education is, in fact, truly devoted to enlightenment and reason.

Argument number one is an odd one for the universities to make in that the degree-granting authority traditionally has been vested in the university. None offers a master's degree or a doctorate in the military arts or sciences, but these degrees, which, by definition, would be the most appropriate for the majority of the faculty in the military science department, could be created by the universities at this time as easily as, for example, International Relations degrees were a few decades ago.

The second argument, on intellectual content and course curriculum, is basically valid—admittedly, a paucity of militarily oriented textbooks and qualified faculty members now exists in many individual colleges. However, that could be rectified by the development of a true science of conflict (or what can be described as "polemology") that would include contributions from both the social and physical sciences. It would provide the conceptual and theoretical foundations for practice, education and research for the military profession, just as theology and jurisprudence have been developed for the clergy and for attorneys. Since the university is society's institutional center for both research and education, it is logical for the program to develop there, rather than outside an academic environment.

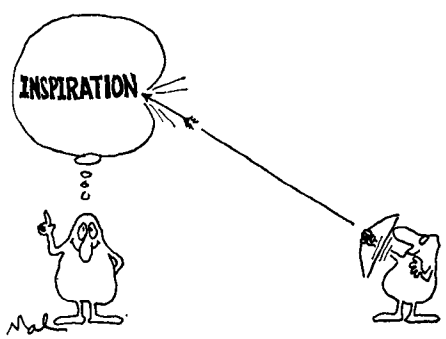
THE THIRD ISSUE, concerning the philosophy of higher education on the problems of teaching the techniques and theory of violence and war, is more subtle. It can be argued, however, that just as medicine has its physiology for healthy organisms and pathology for diseased organisms, so must the problems of war be studied if violence and war are to be considered as social ills. From the perspective of the physical sciences, one might ask why an interdisciplinary approach to arms control and disarmament might not be able to develop a "Pax Physica" which would be more lasting than the political and diplomatic solutions which have led to a "Pax Romana," a "Pax Britannica" and a "Pax Americana." The increased use of machines and technology in warfare now offers a new dimension to surveillance, inspection and control procedures, as well as a rigorous method for specifying the conditions of treaty obligations. Certainly understanding the structure of warfare must precede its control or regulation.

A new low in military-university relationships has been reached. But the study of warfare is too important to be forced outside the university. What can be done, therefore, to improve the situation?

In the long run, we should set up interdisciplinary research institutes similar to the French Institute of Polemology in Paris, or the Institute of Strategic Studies in London. Whatever their form, such institutes should be located near, and staffed by, educational facilities—either a civilian university or a service college—to maintain the interplay of research and teaching which is characteristic of all recognized academic disciplines. Meanwhile, there have been some useful beginnings. A few colleges —such as Oklahoma State—have established formal academic positions for tenured professors of military science. Others assign ROTC courses to civilian professors in established departments. The program of exchange between university faculty members and military faculty members at the service schools and colleges could be greatly expanded. Additional university fellowships, for both civilian and military scholars and scientists, to conduct research in military areas per se would broaden the literature base—the Canadian Department of National Defense started just such a program a few years ago.

Finally, an updated ROTC curriculum is being tested at twelve institutions. With more effort, accredited texts from existing curricula at the service academies and civilian colleges could be assembled as a source for developing curricula adapted to the needs of individual colleges—reflecting their own academic philosophy.

Whatever the outcome of the present campus confrontations, the scholarly community will continue to face the epistemological challenge of developing a corporate body of knowledge for the military, as it has for other professions. In doing so the university can contribute to a more durable association and understanding between the military and the scientific communities as they both move forward toward Elihu Root's stated objective when he established the Army War College in 1903: "Not to promote war, but to preserve the peace by intelligent and adequate preparation to repel aggression." □



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NIKA HAZELTON

THE WINNERS!

YOUR highminded and incorruptible editors have met to judge the Second Annual Delectations Contest, which consisted in matching the titles of familiar books to familiar persons. Competitors were asked to send in at least three titles. But before I name the winners, a few generalities. The contest proved to be extremely popular, and many contestants sent in dozens of entries. For the pleasure of it, many said in their letters, and because they found it impossible to stop. They also thanked us for the sheer fun of the whole thing. There were more male contestants than female ones, and among them, a surprising number of doctors. As in last year's contest, NATIONAL REVIEW readers proved to be both literate and very neat. Their typing is excellent and, I am glad to report, their handwritings are most legible. Many entries were extremely funny, but were we to print them, your editors B, B, S & H would have to go to jail for libel. Many entries were repetitive, such as *Grapes of Wrath* by C. Chavez, *Great Expectations* by T. Kennedy and *A Farewell to Arms* by Venus de Milo. It was obvious that our readers like books very much, but do not care for John Lindsay or Teddy Kennedy. Finally, a heartfelt thanks to all the people who said such nice things about "Delectations." I am extremely touched. I also wish it were possible to thank each contestant personally for his or her effort and to print many more of the splendid entries.

FIRST PRIZE of *La Cuisine* by Raymond Oliver to Carl T. Berkhout, South Bend, Indiana for: *The Red and the Black* by Angela Davis; *Ship of Fools* by Simas Kudirka and *A Dissertation upon Roast Pig* by Ramsey Clark. Mr. Berkhout also sent in other nice entries such as *We Bombed in New Haven* by William Sloane Coffin; *A Midsummer Night's Dream* by Edward Kennedy; *How To Avoid Probate* by Mao Tse-tung and *Far from the Madding Crowd* by God.

SECOND PRIZE of *Leonardo and the Age of the Eye* by Ritchie Calder to Dick Eney, Alexandria, Virginia for: *The Naked Ape* by Abbie Hoffman; *Frankenstein: or the Modern Prometheus* by Benjamin Spock and *Body Language* by William O. Douglas. I also appreciated his *Murder in the Cathedral* by Daniel Berrigan and *The Theory of the Leisure Class* by Nika Hazelton.

THIRD PRIZE of *The Edwardians* by J. B. Priestley to Joseph A. Rehyansky Jr., Birmingham, Alabama for: *The Guns of August* by Angela Davis; *The Way of All Flesh* by Masters and Johnson and *Lie Down in Darkness* by Con Edison. Mr. Rehyansky is also to be praised for his *Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter* by Svetlana Alliluyeva and *The Horse Knows the Way* by Ralph Nader.

A SPECIAL PRIZE, for the witty letter which accompanied his entries, to Dale Gieringer, Cambridge, Mass. The prize consists of *There's Something about a Liberal* by W. H. von Dreele. The letter, alas, is too long to quote, and the entries include *Growing Up Absurd* by Benjamin Spock and *The Children's Hour* by David Susskind.

An ENDURANCE PRIZE of *One Million* by Hendrik Hertzberg went to C. M. Yore for his or her no less than 86 entries. These included *She* by Gloria Steinem; *The Grave Diggers* by Cronkite and Brinkley and *The Book of Tea* by Timothy Leary. The BOOBY PRIZE of *Grapefruit* by Yoko Ono was awarded to Judith C. Harris, Bronx, N. Y. for *Crewel Embroidery* by Lizzie Borden.

HONORABLE MENTION to: Robert W. Wilkos, Inglewood, California for *Radical Chic* by Bernardine Dohrn; *You Can't Go Home Again* by Prince Norodom Sihanouk, Eldridge Cleaver, Timothy Leary, the Russian Jews, Walt Rostow, Dean Rusk and the American POWs in North Vietnam as told to Commuters of the Penn Central Railroad and *Great Expectations* by Chiang Kai-shek, John Lindsay, Mark Rudd, Norman Mailer, Jimmy Breslin, Hugh Addonizio, Evel Knieval, the Los Angeles Rams, the 91st Congress and Minnie Pearl's Country Fried Chicken Franchise coast to coast. R. A. Frey Jr., Malmstrom AFB, Mont., for *Crime and Punishment* by Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn; *The Greening of America* by Arthur Burns and *Much Ado about Nothing* by Leonard Bernstein. Roger Donway, Providence, R. I. for *Black Mischief* by Angela Davis; *Bend Sinister* by Charles Goodell and *Ideas Have Consequences* by Walter Hickel. James F. Connell, Jersey City, N. J. for *The City of God* by John Lindsay; *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves* by Ralph Nader and *Dear and Glorious Physician* by Dr. Benjamin Spock. Margaret Sharkey, Alexandria, Va. for *Peanuts Treasury* by Lawrence O'Brien; *King Lear* by Hugh Hefner and *Life with Father* by Pope Paul VI. John Harllee, Florence, S.C. for *Suffer Little Children* by the Marquis de Sade; *Leaves of Grass* by Allen Ginzburg and *Hair* by Yul Brynner. William H. Bentley, Cincinnati, Ohio for *Up the Organization* by Nikita Khrushchev; *Guys and Dolls* by Masters and Johnson, and *Present at the Creation* by Robert Moses.

GOOD *single* entries were found among the offerings of many contributors. Among them are *Boys and Girls Together* by Christine Jorgensen from Greg Galassini, DeKalb, Ill.; *The Secret Sharer* by Bobby Baker from Luanne Ernst, Big Spring, Md.; *Animal Farm* by Jerry Rubin, Jane Fonda, H. Rap Brown, William Kunstler, Rennie Davis, Timothy Leary, Eldridge Cleaver etc. by Joe Levin, Las Vegas, Nevada; *Games People Play* by John Lindsay from H. L. McCoy, Charleston, W. Va.; *Unsafe at Any Speed* by Teddy Kennedy from Charles D. Hunter, Long Grove, Ill.; *Eyeless in Gaza* by Moshe

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RUSSELL KIRK

THE POLITICS OF DEATH

FROM THE ACADEMY

As Charles Baudelaire wrote in his journal, "True civilization does not lie in progress or steam or table-turning. It lies in the diminution of the marks of original sin." That being true, our age may be progressing toward extinction.

By what criterion may we measure the vigor and health of any society? Why, by the strength of the love of life prevalent in that society. Any society that answers in the negative that perennial question "is life worth living?" must be decadent: It has lost the object that once gave it purpose.

And what test must we apply to any social order, if we wish to evaluate its goodness? Why, we must ask whether that society adequately protects the innocent and the weak, the young and the old. If a social order fails to defend those who cannot defend themselves, then that order is impotent, or heartless, or both.

In our time, many voices cry, in effect, "Down with people!" And yet presumably those who demand public policies that would abolish reverence for human life still think of themselves as evangels of progress. Women no longer will be compelled to bear children; indeed, some may not be permitted to bear them. No parents will be burdened with more than one or two children—if any. The old mysteries of the sexual relationship will be exploded, and that bothersome business reduced to a function physiological only.

The state will assure an optimum population, through strict controls of one sort or another; and with a little manipulation of those controls, it should become possible to diminish or eliminate altogether those elements of the population, ethnic or economic, which are not altogether in harmony with progress. No longer need the aged be a burden, for by euthanasia we shall liberate them from the trammels of flesh. What a glorious prospect!

Indeed, this really is a brave new world—the one so loathingly described by Aldous Huxley. It is Alexis de Tocqueville's "democratic despotism." The voices we hear raised in praise of this terrestrial paradise are the voices of latter-day humanitarianism; but they resemble the voice of O'Brien, the Party functionary of Ingsoc, in *1984*. "In the future there will be no wives and no friends," O'Brien says. "Children will be taken from their mothers at birth, as one takes eggs from a hen. The sex instinct will be eradicated. Procreation will be an annual formality like the renewal of a ration card. We shall abolish the orgasm. Our neurologists are at work upon it now."

So, in the name of a new freedom, we enter upon the politics of death. Life is held cheap in most of the modern world; there are those among us who would hold it cheaper still.

If babies in the womb may be killed upon a whim or a misgiving, why should a society respect at all the old religious injunctions against murder? In the old Roman Republic, a father might slay a son guilty of serious disobedience. But we propose to outdo that public policy: We slay unborn infants incapable of disobedience. Why object to foreign war, domestic violence or private murder, when the dominant generation is permitted to destroy at will its own offspring—and perhaps its own parents? Why object to genocide, if the government at Peking thinks the Tibetans irrelevant, or some renewed iron domination thinks the Jews dispensable? Once we adopt the principle that there exists no right to life superior to the present wish, illusion or prejudice of those who possess the power to kill—why, who can sleep secure at night? Once we subscribe to the politics of death, why bother with the politics of order and justice and freedom?

Historically considered, societies sinking into decadence have been afflicted by a steady decline of population—both because people cease to believe that life is worth living, and because the decadent commonwealth no longer can protect its members. We propose to accelerate that decadence, if we embrace the proposals of the down-with-people set. Here in the United States, through the past decade (except for one year), the birth rate has been declining absolutely. Yet, by a kind of cultural lag, we hear people who ought to know better talking about our dreadful "population explosion" and proposing systematic measures to ensure that there will be fewer of us—by mass contraception, by what amounts to infanticide, by terminating the existence of the aged. Here is the Freudian death-wish expressed in positive law.

IF THERE IS ANY general proposition that supports order in the soul and order in the commonwealth, it is this: Life is good, and worth living. If there is one moral commandment which every culture has found necessary, it is this: Thou shalt not murder. The world is a place of trial, and a place of preparation for that eternity for which man is made. In hope of abolishing the trials of life, zealots for "scientific control" of population would abolish human nature itself. And they would reduce to a function merely animal—and a function disapproved—a human power with a touch of divinity: the power, and the mystery, of procreation.

Such a society would be hideous; and though life has been worth living even in the most troubled ages of the past, I should not wish to survive into such a time. It would be a guilt-ridden society, tormented by dark neuroses. That society would feel a gnawing guilt (however repressed) for having degraded the sexual power. It would be haunted by the guilt of the enemy of innocence. It would be burdened by the terror of the parricide. In that society, truly life would not be worth living. If these proposals for the politics of death constitute progress—why, it is progress toward the abolition of man. □

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Causes and Prevention of Ramsey Clark

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

Crime in America, Observations on Its Nature, Causes, Prevention and Control
By Ramsey Clark
Simon & Schuster, 346 pp., $6.95

In navigating the sea of platitudes which unceasingly fluctuates through Ramsey Clark's chapters, insomniac readers can take their bearings only by the distinctive clichés which mark most pages. To wit (all on p. 15): "Crime reflects the character of a people. . . . All those qualities in life that make us what we are determine our capacity to commit crime. . . . Crime is not just sordid happenings—it is human behavior. People commit crime." After three hundred-odd pages of this, the former Attorney General ends with some mind-blowing conclusions (all on p. 346): "Agencies of criminal justice must be fair and effective. [Clark puts it squarely on the line.] Our laws must provide moral leadership. . . . We must strive . . . to achieve needed reforms, to offer fulfillment, human dignity and reverence for life. [No apple pie, though.] Guided by reason America will soar on wings of humane concern. Passion is the vital spring to human action. Fertilized by ideas, passion alone has the power to activate millions. . . ." A fertilized spring, I shall soar on my wings of humane concern as soon as activated.

Well, metaphors obviously are not Clark's forte. And *Crime in America* does not disclose what is. If an ambitious politician has to write a campaign book, and is possessed of Clark's shortcomings, he might do better to hire a ghostwriter. To do so would disclose humility (all too well earned here) and an awareness of inadequacy —the beginning of wisdom. The ghostwriter might decently veil the politician's actual mind, a service to him, and even more to the reader. To be allowed to glance at Mr. Clark's mind plain is to be distressed, and embarrassed for him, as though by an act of indecent exposure.

Although certainly not original, Clark's few specific views are sometimes unexceptionable: policemen are underpaid and under-educated, court procedures antiquated, prisons in need of reform. (Clark doesn't tell what he did about any of this as Attorney General. Does he have so much to be modest about?) As soon, however, as he ventures beyond what thousands said before him, he displays a pervasive ignorance so resistant to fact as to argue conclusively against his own faith in rehabilitation: Why would a convict learn in prison when an Attorney General cannot do so outside?

Consider a few random examples. After pages on drugs, which certainly could drive me to try anything (sample: "Drugs that are addictive or otherwise harmful when used excessively or by people with unusual physical conditions must be effectively regulated. Illegal sales and thefts of these drugs are a major source of supply for addicts." Ramsey's smart; he figured that addicts get their drugs illegally), the former Attorney General concludes: "Drug users should be placed in correctional programs that cure and provide an opportunity to stay cured. . . . Medical science can discover cures and provide care. It is even more clearly within our potential to release the terrible hold of psychological addiction. . . . Within the competence of medical and community care addicts can be rehabilitated. . . ."

No general cure, physical or psychological, for drug addiction has been found, despite intensive research efforts (and expenditures) by "medical science." Some cases have been helped (so with cancer). But there can be no "correctional program that cures and provides the opportunity to stay cured" because no cure is known. Clark is guilty of irresponsibly misleading statements—no legal offense, unfortunately. (If it were, he might be saved by a literary McNaughton rule.) His cliché addiction, however, can be socially as dangerous as drug addiction. Clichés, as do drugs, make it possible not to face real problems and remove the addict to a cloudland instead, where he wins all battles. I'm not optimistic about curing either addiction.

If he has not mastered facts, Clark has mastered misleading comparisons. He indignantly denounces "Spiro Agnew who supported the shooting of looters," since "fewer than 250 died in riots" while 25,000 are killed by drunken drivers. Whereupon he asks sarcastically, "why not shoot drunken drivers? . . ." Why call "for shooting looters when no one is heard to suggest the same treatment for the deadlier crime?" Now, proportionately, I think, drunken driving leads to injury less often than rioting—as Clark should have known. He also knows that this is the only relevant comparison, since elsewhere he (rightly) attacks as misleading, statistics which state crime frequencies rather than crime rates (proportions). (Incidentally, he concludes, wrongly, that crime rates have not risen. Even when right, Clark manages to be wrong somewhere.) However, both drunken driving and looting are certainly dangerous criminal acts. Policemen should arrest the offenders and, if they resist, or try to escape,

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use whatever force is needed to control them. Nobody advocated shooting looters *after* arrest. The Vice President (unlike Clark, Lindsay et al.) urged that the necessary force be used to make arrests and to prevent continuation of the criminal action. I am sure Mr. Agnew advocates no less for *any* escaping or resisting offender, driving or walking, drunk or sober. So do I. It is the former Attorney General who advocates an exemption for looters—not, as he disingenuously suggests, the Vice President for drunken drivers.

That much about apprehension. As for punishment (an academic issue as regards looters—hardly any were apprehended), I favor severity for both crimes: for drunken driving because its incidence can be reduced thereby (as in England); for looting because we do not want it to recur, or become habitual, as under the Clark regime. Yet the two crimes differ. Looting is done with *mens rea* (the looter knows what he does is wrong) and with some premeditation (even when spontaneous, looting hardly is an act of passion, or unconscious; nor is selling of the loot). In contrast, the drunken driver usually is without *mens rea* (he is not aware of his drunkenness) and certainly without premeditation (he does not expect, let alone plan, to have an accident, or to kill someone; he is guilty of culpable neglect). The social effects are grave and severe punishment is needed for both crimes. But how can a man reputed to have graduated from a respectable law school regard the two crimes as analogous?

Elsewhere Clark professes himself scandalized because the bail system favors the rich over the poor. It does. Clark is indignant, but, as usual, rhetorical. He nowhere comes to grips with the problem; some suspects can remain free because they can, by means of bail, assure the courts of their appearance for trial. It would be most desirable if rich and poor alike could do so. But how? Shall we let those who cannot make bail go, and risk that they not appear? To be sure, the system could be made more rational. (Thus, the Vera Institute, a private foundation, has done valuable work to help judges decide when to release responsible persons without bail.) But the truth, which Clark ignores, is that often there is no way of making sure (other than detention) that a suspect too poor to make bail will appear in court. We could make rich suspects worse off by denying bail to them. But how could that make poor suspects better off?

I should favor anyway denying bail to those previously convicted of felonies and, above all, speeding up trials by refusing adjournments etc. However, this is not the place to discuss such proposals; but Clark's book should have been. Though long on indignation, concern and rhetoric, it is short on even the simplest specific proposals.

Throughout, however, Clark advocates "indeterminate sentences" which leave it to parole authorities to release a criminal when they think he is rehabilitated. A more fitting term for "indeterminate sentence" would be arbitrary, capricious and unpredictable punishment. For although Clark is sure that, somehow, judges and parole authorities know whether and when a man can be, or is rehabilitated, there is no evidence that they do. Punishment is effective only when offenders know they cannot hope to avoid it through "liberal" judges or parole boards. Clark does not mention wherein indeterminate sentences have proved of help to law enforcement. There is no evidence that they have.

Nor does it make sense to aver that rehabilitation should be our sole aim. Yet Clark nowhere mentions any other aims and ignores matters actually inconsistent with, or at least irrelevant to, rehabilitation and certainly as important: protection of society, deterrence and justice, to name three. We jail the guilty, not the innocent—even if the former are not, and the latter are, dangerous—obviously not to rehabilitate, but to do justice. That is, indeed, why we call the places of confinement jails, not hospitals. We certainly do not detain a man who killed his wife for rehabilitation; he probably won't commit another crime. (He may not even remarry.) We jail him (apart from justice) to deter, to protect the wives still alive, whose husbands (understandably sometimes) may be overly tempted otherwise. Again, if we jail an inveterate gangster, we do not do it for rehabilitation either; there is no chance. We want (apart from justice and deterrence) to protect society.

Clark "knows" that we (or "science") can rehabilitate criminals or cure drug addicts. This is sheer irresponsible and misleading ignorance. Anyone familiar with the relevant sciences knows that all present methods, and all feasible ones, yield extremely low rehabilitation rates for professional criminals or addicts. Rehabilitation is a hit-and-run business. It depends very largely on the right personalities in the right places. We have no institutional way of making sure they will be there. Clark's insane and abstract optimism can only injure realistic prison and judicial reform, both sorely needed. Soaring on wings of humane concern does not replace knowledge.

CLARK DEFENDS the Supreme Court's decision in *Miranda*, which requires police to offer a lawyer and to tell a suspect that he is not required to answer questions. I oppose the decision; but a case can be made for it. Not by Clark, however. He writes: "Experienced criminals, gang members and Mafiosi . . . know . . . they are entitled to counsel. . . . Hardened criminals never talk. We must not take advantage of the poor, the ignorant. . . ." The implication is that since "experienced criminals" with the help of counsel might get away with their crimes, "the poor, the ignorant" also should. I

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RANDOM NOTES

■ MEMO TO PRESIDENT NIXON: Call your bookseller. The Royal Economic Society is bringing out the definitive edition of *The Collected Writings of John Maynard Keynes.* Now out: Vol I—*Indian Currency and Finance* (1913), Vol. 15—*Activities and Associated Writings: India and Cambridge* (1906-14), Vol. 16—*Activities and Associated Writings: The Treasury and Versailles* (1914-19). From St. Martin's; $9.50 each.

■ JUST OUT: Anthony Burgess essays comedy in his new novel about incest, a rib-tickling theme if there ever was one. The inevitable title is *MF* (Knopf, $5.95). . . . Curt Flood, the nicest guy since Jim Bouton to do a kiss-and-tell book about his fellow-ballplayers (the same players who financed his year of bedding and boozing in Denmark), tells us he's telling it *The Way It Is* (Trident, $5.95).

■ APRIL BOOK. *NR* contributor Gerhart Niemeyer explores a feature common to all totalitarian ideologies, the total critique of society, in *Between Nothingness and Paradise* (LSU, $8.95). . . . Harry A. Marmion states *The Case against a Volunteer Army* (Quadrangle, $5.95). . . . Evans & Novak get into the act with *Nixon* (Random House, $6.95). . . . Ted Lewis, chief of the Washington bureau of the *N.Y. Daily News*, unburdens himself of some of his liberal ideas in *Comes the Revolution* (Arbor House, $6.50). Among them: abolish the states. . . . "Unlikely to be surpassed as a one-volume study" is how the *London Daily Telegraph* greeted B. H. Liddell-Hart's *History of the Second World War* (Putnam, $12.50).

Freud's case study of the Wolf-Man, plus the subject's own autobiography, coming from Basic ($10). . . . Massive is the word for *Cuba: The Pursuit of Freedom*, a history by Hugh Thomas (Harper, $20). . . . Fred J. Cook (*The FBI Nobody Knows*) sharpens his well-worn hatchet for a go at Joe McCarthy in *The Nightmare Decade* (Random House, $10).

■ BOOK CASCADE. New titles for 1970 soared to 36,071, up 6,492 over 1969. Two-thirds were originals, one-third reprints. About 25 per cent were paperbacks. One hardbound, *Everything You Always Wanted To Know about Sex, Etc.*, sold over a million. Nonfiction, as usual, far outsold fiction among the hardbounds but not the paperbacks, where the year's star seems to have been *The Godfather* (over five million), with *Love Story* moving up fast at year's end. Average price of a new hardcover book shot up in one year from $9.50 to $11.66, according to *Publishers' Weekly*—a rise of 22.7 per cent. Quality (as distinguished from mass-market) paperbacks averaged $4.81.

prefer an Attorney General who thinks of ways of preventing the rich and the "hardened criminals" from getting away with murder, rather than of ways of letting the poor get away too. Equality is an important element in justice, but protecting the innocent by catching the guilty is even more important.

A FEW MORE GEMS: "Healthy people in a just and concerned society will not commit significant crime." One wonders which "just and concerned society" Clark visited without finding "healthy people" who commit "significant crime." I know of no such society, past or present. Is he writing of a fantasy land? Anyway, is crime caused by society, or by disease? Do criminals never have any responsibility? Is the man who runs away with a million necessarily insane? Does he become so if he kills a policeman on the way? Why are the drunken driver, or the jealous lover, or the heroin wholesaler, the fraudulent businessman, the racketeering "labor leader," society's fault? What, other than definition, allows us to attribute their moral faults (or special temptations) to sickness?

John Maynard Keynes wrote about his youth: ". . . we repudiated all versions of the doctrine of original sin, of there being insane and irrational springs of wickedness in most men. We were not aware that civilization was a thin and precarious crust erected by the personality and the will of a very few, and only maintained by rules and conventions skilfully put across and guilefully preserved." Lord Keynes grew up; Ramsey Clark became Attorney General instead (is this society's fault? That he was Attorney General and thus got *Crime in America* published—I must admit, is).

Elsewhere Clark fantasizes: "Today's youth . . . highly idealistic is also tough minded, does its own thinking . . . will not accept old wives' tales . . . will be persuaded by cold hard facts and not by myth." Youth rejects myth—in favor of astrology? Youth accepts "cold hard facts"—by smoking pot? or taking psychedelic drugs to become "tough minded"? Are the heroes of the New Left, from Jack Kennedy to Che Guevara, heroes because of "cold hard fact"—or because of a surge of mythopoeic political romanticism? Perhaps Clark meant that young people are less likely than he is to accept "old wives' tales," more likely to be persuaded by "cold hard facts." If so, I withdraw my objection. (But why just young people?)

I believe I have shown that the former Attorney General earned Tom Wicker's enthusiastic preface—not mentioned before because I thought that after so shattering a derogation, everything else would become anticlimactic. A boomlet for Clark as a Presidential candidate has been concocted. This book I am confident will lay it to rest—even the darkest cloud has a silver lining. (Is Clark's style infectious? Will I have to be de-clichéd?) □

The Battle Stalin Lost
By Vladimir Dedijer
Viking, 343 pp., $8.50

DEDIJER, WRITER AND COMMUNIST

MICHAEL PADEV

To paraphrase Lenin, Vladimir Dedijer is a good writer fallen into the midst of Communists. But Dedijer's Communists are Yugoslavs, and they can already boast one of Europe's best political writers, Milovan Djilas, author of *The New Class* and former vice president of Yugoslavia. Djilas, incidentally, is one of Dedijer's closest personal friends. In defense of Djilas' right to dissent, Dedijer dared quarrel with the man he admires most—Yugoslavia's President Tito.

Dedijer is now in semiofficial disfavor in his own country, in that he no longer holds any government post. (He had been a prominent member of Tito's select group of top aides.) But Dedijer's books and newspaper articles are freely published and widely read throughout Yugoslavia, and he is allowed to travel abroad any time he chooses. At present he teaches European history at Brandeis University.

The Battle Stalin Lost is based on articles Dedijer wrote for the Yugoslav press two years ago, reviewing the Stalin-Tito rift of 1948 and Yugoslavia's resistance to Moscow's many, but very clumsy, efforts to bring the Tito government down. Stalin had claimed that he only had to move his "little finger" and Tito would fall. The Soviet dictator moved his big fingers

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as well and, in the process, killed off some of the best known leaders of the East European Communist parties. But Tito did not fall, and, after Stalin's death in 1953, Russia's aging Marshal Klimenti Voroshilov personally apologized to Tito and wept on his shoulder saying: "What stupidities I had to mouth at Stalin's orders. How ashamed I am. Please forgive us."

Dedijer provides us with many other fascinating glimpses of the internal Communist quarrels regarding Yugoslavia. The West European Communist parties, for example, led by the French and the Italians, told the Yugoslavs, in so many words, that they did not believe any of Moscow's propaganda lies about Tito, but for the sake of "world Communist unity" they had to go along and denounce their Yugoslav comrades as spies, murderers and bandits. So scared is Moscow of the truth concerning this particular "development" of Soviet-East European relations that even now no details are being revealed of the shameful trials which sent prominent Communist leaders like Traycho Kostov in Bulgaria, Rudolf Slansky in Czechoslovakia or Lazslo Rajk in Hungary to the gallows. Yet nearly all Communist victims of Stalin's terror have been officially "rehabilitated" and their families are receiving state pensions.

Dedijer has been a journalist and a writer since the early 1930s and a Communist since the beginning of World War II. He was a colonel in the Yugoslav resistance army during the War and a high government official after it. It is difficult, he complains, "to be an actor and a writer in your own drama," and he is right. The best parts of his book belong to Dedijer the writer, when he is able to observe with a certain journalistic detachment and a very keen sense of humor, the activities of Dedijer the party leader and Dedijer the government official. Take, for example, the surprisingly frank account of how Tito and he decided to publish the Tito biography in the U.S.

"I told Tito," says Dedijer the writer, "that I would sell the book abroad for good money because that would be the best way of assuring wide distribution.

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Memo to: all NR Readers

From: J.P. McFadden

Re: a most unusual book

There is a famous New York ad campaign (you see it in all subways) for Levy's Rye Bread that goes: "You don't have to be Jewish to like Levy's." I was reminded of it as I read "Spectrum of Catholic Attitudes." The book is a "sleeper" -- a little-publicized, hard-to-find book that really isn't just about religion, or just for Catholics. It has a kaleidoscopic range of arguments and ideas that is absolutely breathtaking. The contributors are impressive (Marshall McLuhan, Frank Sheed, Leslie Dewart, Walter Matt, Dale Francis, Daniel Callahan -- and Bill Buckley), and the number of subjects covered is incredible: God, the Trinity, the Bible, Original Sin, Heaven and Hell, Divorce and Remarriage, Anti-Semitism, Sex, Conscience, Celibacy, Contraception, Integration, Communism, Vietnam -- not to mention the fascinating "What I would do if I were Pope" section.

I could go on and on about this eye-opening book, but here's the point: if you are at all interested in this kind of thing, don't miss this opportunity to get your copy of "Spectrum of Catholic Attitudes" free and postpaid (all you have to do is use the handy card facing this page to subscribe or renew now -- all the details are on the card -- just fill it out and mail it back to us).

I realize that such a book is not for everybody. But I can assure you that, if it is for you, you're in for a genuine treat. I can't remember when I last read such a wide-ranging, hard-hitting debate on so many vital and sensitive issues. There are clever arguments and some very poor ones too; good and bad logic; some moving and passionate pleas as well as some silly sophistry -- you'll probably feel like cheering some of the authors, while at the same time wondering how some of the others can be so wrong-headed. But you certainly won't be bored, and I'll bet that when you put this book down, you'll know -- and understand -- more about the current religious revolution that you thought possible from one book.

Finally, a personal note. I guess I've read everything that Bill Buckley has ever published. I don't know when he has been sharper -- or more effective -- than he is in this book. His "explanation" of Original Sin is the funniest thing I've read in ages (and Lord knows the Great Debate in religion needs some humor!). His handling of Satan is devilish, and ... well, I just hope you enjoy it as much as I did!

J.P.M.

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Westerners feared propaganda, but this way publishers would vie with each other for the book, and the publisher who got it would do his utmost to get a good return for the deal. In a word, I would take advantage of 'capitalist contradictions.'" Tito, Dedijer adds, found all this "highly amusing" and the editors of *Life* paid as high a fee for serial rights to Communist Dedijer as they had paid to such well-known capitalist dignitaries as Winston Churchill, General Dwight Eisenhower and the Duke of Windsor. This is excellent and honest reporting, but bad Communism.

On the other hand, whenever the Communist gets the upper hand over Dedijer the writer the results are quite pathetic. Communist Dedijer was appointed chairman of the notorious Russell International Tribunal, held in Stockholm in 1967, which found the United States guilty of "war crimes" in Vietnam. How could a man of Dedijer's integrity and knowledge of international affairs agree to do such a dirty propaganda job? The explanation (of Communist Dedijer) is easy—he could not forget that "a small nation of peasants" had been "subjected to the fury of the military machine belonging to the mightiest power in the world." Somehow, I don't think that the good writer Dedijer could possibly be satisfied with this incredibly simplistic and utterly stupid interpretation of the Vietnam war. □

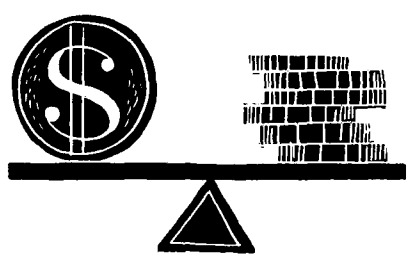
The Academic Scribblers
By William Breit and Roger L. Ransom
Holt, 288 pp., $8.50

'IN THE LONG RUN WE ARE ALL DEAD'

J. BERNARD BURNHAM

It is instructive, in this day of the "full employment budget surplus" to repeat the passage from Keynes' *General Theory* from which the title for this admirable survey of contemporary economic thinkers was taken: " . . . practical men, who believe themselves to be quite exempt from any intellectual influence, are usually the slaves of some defunct economist. Madmen in authority, who hear voices in the air, are distilling their frenzy from some academic scribbler of a few years back."

J. M. Keynes, who died in 1946, receives a concise, balanced and well-written chapter in *The Academic Scribblers*. So do Thorstein Veblen, Paul Samuelson, Milton Friedman, John Kenneth Galbraith and Henry Simons, to name a few. Throughout, the emphasis is on the economists' policy recommendations, not the theoretical superstructure from which advice on monetary, fiscal, antitrust and regulatory matters is derived. The result is a book which, in terms of readability, falls between the popularly written *Worldly Philosophers* by Heilbroner and the considerably more demanding *Economic Theory in Retrospect* by Blaug. As a guide to the intellectual origins of many hotly debated current and proposed economic policies, *The Academic Scribblers* is an outstanding success.



It is slightly less helpful, however, in drawing the distinction between the advocates of the "new economics" (i.e., Samuelson and Galbraith) and what Breit and Ransom call "the new neoclassicists" (Knight, Simons and Friedman). It is not the question of government intervention per se which separates the two; the new neoclassicists, like Adam Smith, tend to see an important role for government in preventing and breaking up monopolies and institutional restraints to trade. And despite Keynes' disclaimers to the contrary, it is highly misleading to suggest, as Breit and Ransom do, that his work did not provide the intellectual rationale for government's massive intervention in attempting to minimize the business cycle.

THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN the two groups arises, at first remove, from the new economists' belief that positive government action can improve on the results which an admittedly less-than-perfect competitive market will yield, and the new neoclassicists' abiding skepticism that positive government action can lead, in the long run, to a net gain for society. This preliminary distinction is handled satisfactorily by Breit and Ransom, particularly in their discussion of the Veblen/Galbraith notion that consumer sovereignty is a "myth" since the large corporation, through market research and massive advertising expenditures, can "create" wants, rather than responding to "original" consumer desires. While this concept has been shown to be meaningless by Hayek (who receives only a footnote in the book), the large number of persons who continue to subscribe to it are implicitly recommending the substitution of a higher authority than the impersonal market to determine what consumers "really" want. Galbraith and his ilk think they know and are ready to force us to make the "correct" choices (perhaps in the manner of Woodrow Wilson teaching the Mexicans democracy—at the point of a gun?). The new neoclassicists are willing to abide by the results of the market, however distasteful some of the outcomes may be to individual sensibilities.

BUT THE UNDERLYING SPLIT between the new neoclassicists (and the reason they will not prevail in this day and age) and the practitioners of the new economics, is differing values of time, a distinction which almost completely evades Breit and Ransom. One need not disagree with the analyses of Friedman, Knight and Simons to arrive at radically different policy prescriptions. It may well be that in the long run the safest and soundest monetary policy is one which aims at increasing the money supply at X per cent a year, come hell or high water. But in a democracy, elected officials and their advisers are very conscious of hell and high water. The pressure, indeed the necessity, to "do something," is overwhelming, even if it can be shown that in the long run "doing something" is worse than doing nothing. In theoretical terms, this simply says that the present value of a policy package which promises future benefits in exchange for short-run costs is far lower for a policymaker than for a new neoclassicist. Conversely, a policy package which promises short-run benefits but which entails long-run costs looks considerably more attractive to the policymaker than to an economist from the University of Chicago. The practitioners of the new economics accept this fact of life, indeed, they revel in it; the new neoclassicists tend to dismiss it.

"In the long run, we are all dead," Keynes replied in response to criticisms of his essentially short-run policy prescriptions, and thus he provided the

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basic philosophical foundation for the new economics. Milton Friedman knows that societies last longer than the life span of a single individual, but his policy prescriptions are more suited for angels—or dictators—than popularly elected officials. □

The Cactus Throne
By Richard O'Connor
Putnam, 375 pp., $7.95

BEAUTIFUL LOSERS

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

A brilliant couple brought youth and style to their lackluster capital, winning the applause of most of the fashionable world. They both had charisma, and their goal was the founding of a second Camelot in the New World. He was genial, liberal and a true Prince Charming; she was attractive, strong-willed and perhaps a trifle overbearing. After three short years, their Camelot had turned to ashes. He was felled by a bullet; she went sadly to seed.

However, being the Empress Carlotta of Mexico, she chose madness rather than marriage to an oily but affluent septuagenarian—that much, at least, have fashions changed since the 1860s. After a hundred years, the little, failed Camelot of Maximilian and Carlotta is all but forgotten. Is there really any point to dredging up the unhappy story; to writing, publishing, or even reading a book on Mexico's ephemeral empire? After all, it was the shoddy contrivance of a handful of European speculators, scheming Mexican expatriates, and that corseted, lecherous imperial humbug, Napoleon the Third.

Like its source, France of the Second Empire, it was at once grandiose and tawdry. Except for its tragic finale, it might have provided Offenbach with the story line for one of his more delicious comic operas. Yet, like all irretrievably lost causes, the imperial dream that devoured Maximilian and Carlotta holds a certain fascination.

MR. O'CONNOR, a skilled veteran author, has a real taste for the characters, both sympathetic and seamy, around whom the ill-fated venture unfolded, and he recounts the tale with warmth, humor and adequate depth, although his book is obviously geared to a popular, "Nicholas and Alexandra" market. Nor does he allow the telling of a good story to obscure the very real global repercussions of the Maximilian affair. It was France's last major colonial fling in the Western Hemisphere, and had an indirect but important role in the collapse of Bonapartism in Europe. Mexico was Napoleon the Third's Vietnam, siphoning off the elite of the French army, while Prussia consolidated her position in Europe and crushed her only other continental rival, Austria, in the "Seven Weeks War" of 1886. For this, Napoleon paid a grim reckoning at Sedan, a few years later.

If the politics behind the French intervention in Mexico were sordid, the same cannot be said of the two pawns chosen to implement French policy. Archduke (he was later contemptuously labeled "Archdupe") Maximilian von Habsburg was a younger brother of Kaiser Franz Joseph of Austria. Handsome, articulate and "progressive," he was popular among the Viennese and would have seemed the ideal candidate to adorn any nineteenth-century throne. His consort, the Princess Carlotta of Belgium, was one of the leading royal beauties of her age, with a sharp intelligence and an iron will that complemented her "Maxl's" more dreamy, indecisive nature. Though their downfall was ambition, it was not of the baser sort, for, to them, ruling was an almost spiritual vocation, and the hastily rigged throne of Mexico seemed the ideal platform from which they, as enlightened, constitutional monarchs, could dispense justice and a better life to the loyal masses.

Even in the 1860s, such notions were sadly out of date. The dynasties that had survived, and the even more select group that would outlive the horrors of World War I, were based on commonsense and strictly limited objectives. As Carlotta's canny father, Leopold I of Belgium, warned the young couple, "Success is the only thing that counts in America. Everything else is poetic and a waste of money . . . "

But Maximilian was a Habsburg, not a lowly Coburg, and Carlotta, as events would prove, was more than a little daft. As one of their courtly biographers later noted, "the whole trend of [his] disposition, reinforced by the influence of his wife, who had too little distraction from her loneliness at Miramar and was ripe for a grave folly, disposed him to listen to the offer." Miramar, the couple's beautiful seaside retreat near Trieste, had begun to jar on Carlotta's never very stable nervous system, and even Maximilian, who had designed the little palace and its beautiful gardens and groves, yearned for a greater role than that of ceremonial younger brother to the starchy Franz Joseph. He, too, was "ripe for a grave folly."

Not until the Russian penetration of Cuba would the Monroe Doctrine again face so strong a challenge from a major European power; but when thirty thousand French troops were clearing the way for Maximilian's triumphal entry into Mexico, the United States had problems of its own to attend to—it was 1864. Hence Maximilian was installed with only paper protests from Mexico's giant neighbor to the north. Shabby, ill-supported Benito Juarez, sometime president of the Republic of Mexico, fled to the interior in a battered landau, proclaiming resistance to the death louder and louder as his mule team hauled him out of reach of French patrols. An Indian lawyer who cracked Mexico's Creole oligarchy, Juarez had

earned excommunication from the Church and the hatred of the gentry for seizing land holdings and tossing his lot in with the mass of ignorant, uncivilized Indian peasantry. Those masses, for the most part, ignored both Juarez and Maximilian. The Republican resistance was made up of a thin layer of intellectual idealists and large bands of terrorists who enjoyed the luxury of plundering, raping and killing for a worthy cause. After Maximilian was gone, they would continue their deadly work with undiminished zest, though with fewer political slogans, well into the twentieth century.

From their palace of Chapultepec, Max and Carlotta went through the motions of governing: opening hospitals, holding levees and promulgating a re-

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markably liberal policy which generated the resentment of the more extreme members of the conservative faction without firing enthusiasm (or even awareness) in the peasantry. The Resistance was unmoved. Except for a few liberals and revolutionaries like Juarez Mexicans in arms against Maximilian were not so much the champions of a set of progressive political principles, as a group of men determined to be rid of government by "outsiders." They demanded the right to choose their own brand of poison, and they had their way.

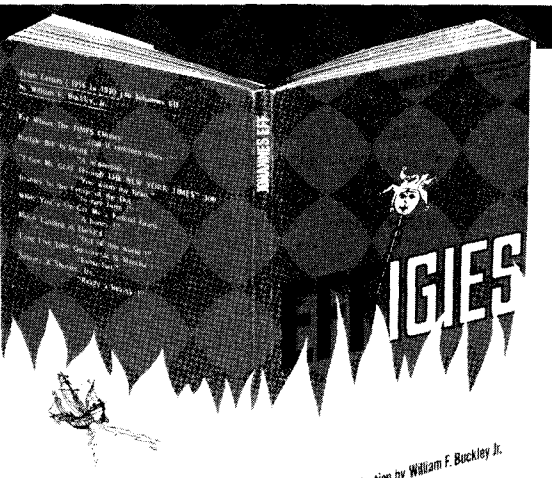
One of Juarez' best generals was a young blood named Porfirio Díaz, whose dictatorial regime would last nearly four decades and make Maximilian and even his French enforcers look like Boy Scouts by comparison. But Díaz, who took power after Juarez' premature death in 1872, was a local boy, so less of an affront to Mexico's collective and virulent *machismo*.

WHEN THE CIVIL WAR ENDED, and Lincoln was succeeded by Andrew Johnson, who was less temporizing on the Mexican question, U.S. troops under General Phil Sheridan were massed along the Texas border, and guns and munitions turned over to the ragged *Juaristas*. Many American financial interests joined the chorus against the Mexican Empire, with an eye to profits promised them by Juarez' emissary in Washington, the glib Matías Romero.

Yielding to criticism on the homefront, and American diplomatic pressure, Napoleon the Third decided to withdraw all French troops from Mexico. Maximilian was given some token assistance in "Mexicanizing" the defense effort, but it was too little, too late. Once the French troops abandoned Maximilian—in express violation of Napoleon's initial guarantee—the end was only a matter of time.

Carlotta, on a goodwill mission to Europe, went completely to pieces after unsuccessfully pleading with Napoleon not to break his word and abandon her husband. A certified lunatic, she spent the rest of her life in close confinement, dying in 1927, the last of them all.

Maximilian remained in Mexico, where, to use an expression popular in his native Vienna during the closing years of World War I, "the situation was hopeless but not serious." Donning a Mexican general's uniform, his breast ablaze with the orders of chivalry and decorations he had designed for his makeshift monarchy, he led a few thou-



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From the Introduction

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sand raw conscripts and a handful of foreign volunteers (including a former lady bareback rider from Vermont, a black-and-tan terrier, and a pop-eyed Westphalian soldier of fortune—all members of the same family) against the massed *Juaristas*. As a commander, he demonstrated great courage and even greater ineptitude. Bottled up in the besieged city of Querétaro, Maximilian was betrayed by one of his own officers, tried by the *Juaristas*, stood up against a wall and shot on June 19, 1867. He died well enough to blot out the memory of some of his past errors. "I die in a just cause," he told his executioners. "I forgive all, and pray that all may forgive me. May my blood flow for the good of this land. Viva Mexico!"

For most of the century since, Mexico has been left to herself. No dreams; no great accomplishments or disillusionment—only a quiet, timeless blend of dignity, squalor and fatalism that predates Maximilian, the conquistadores, and perhaps even the Aztecs. □

THEATER

GOOD OLD ESCAPE IN MODERN DRESS

RICHMOND CRINKLEY

Whodunit? used to be a perfectly respectable question. Nowadays, much of the fascination comes not so much from a twist in plot as from a twist in form. Two new and respectable representatives of the genre are puzzling Broadway audiences whose friends are polite enough not to tell them what happens. *Sleuth* is a murder mystery, more or less traditional, though disguised as hip Agatha Christie, and *Conduct Unbecoming* (Closed February 15) is a trial-cum - fiendish - wrongdoing melodrama that just wins a horse race with boredom.

When I first saw *Sleuth* in London six months ago, I was the innocent going to see one of the most successful "gimmick" detective shows in years. And, indeed, the success of *Sleuth* depends on the willingness of members of the audience not to reveal the crucial structural secret of the show to their friends who haven't seen the play. It's not so much a matter of avoiding saying who the murderer is as not revealing the playwright's technical *bravura* in

construction. Suffice it to say that Anthony Shaffer has given us a play that does what can be done only once.

Some years ago Agatha Christie's *The Murder of Roger Ackroyd* scandalized the mystery-reading public by having the narrator as the guilty party. (No secrets revealed there, since everyone who is a mystery reader of any literacy knows whodunit in *The Murder of Roger Ackroyd*.) Now Shaffer has done the same kind of thing with *Sleuth*. He has given us a game of wits where the audience is deceived for perhaps a third of the play, not only about who is really dead but also about who is really onstage.

Although *Sleuth* is dependent to some extent on such parodies of the murder-play form as Tom Stoppard's *The Real Inspector Hound* (in which servants were apt to answer the phone saying, "Lady Windemere's country house on a foggy evening in late autumn"), it is also a virtuoso exercise in theatrical economy. Shaffer's drama of a possibly jealous husband murdering his wife's lover makes its way with one set and a minimal cast. It is one of the few plays of our time in which the program contributes decisively to the sense of illusion. Just how it contributes, whodunit fans must find out for themselves.

What *Sleuth* pretends to deliver and doesn't is a kind of existential drama about the relationship between killer and victim, detective and detected. Audiences looking for profundity will come away murmuring about the symbiotic conflict between the two heroes or about the dilemma of identity. But the bits of Pirandello and Beckett and Stoppard come across as a sort of *Poirot Investigates the Murder of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*. And the quite genuine excitement of finding out who the criminal really is turns out to be much more bracing than the genuflections to existential obligation. Still, no harm done. If you're going to enjoy a thriller, you might as well think you're bettering your mind. Enough people slogged through *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold* because they thought it was good for their guilt-benighted souls, whereas *Sleuth* is really intriguing, in spite of its pretensions to profundity.

Conduct Unbecoming gets a trifle closer to being a serious drama, but it also ends up by being merely exciting. It is a play about which I feel somewhat apologetic. I was a little ashamed of having enjoyed it, partly because some of the acting is so hammy, partly because the pattern of its plot development is so sure-fire. Barry England's *Conduct Unbecoming* has that unmistakeable aura of having been created by Englishmen wanting to give Broadway audiences a wish-fulfillment idea of a cheerio-old-chap British military life that probably never existed, even in the Punjab. But the pull of puzzlement is still considerable.

In *Conduct Unbecoming*, we have a theatrical vulgarization of *A Passage to India*—good guy mistakenly accused, native types doubling as menacing exotics and noble savages, military in-talk and the obligatory trial scene. There is something so startling in all this being brought onstage again that one has to pay attention. The plot is sufficiently formidable that the mechanics of working out become in themselves a tour de force.

Again, as with *Sleuth*, there is an unjustified pretense to philosophical profundity. In *Conduct Unbecoming* the theme is military duty. The interaction-of-civilization question has, thankfully, been forgotten, probably because E. M. Forster himself dealt with it so well. But society has so changed the attitudes that the young have toward the military that a turn-of-the-century English officer's thoughts about his job seem particularly old hat.

Both plays let their audiences think they are getting a philosophical kick, whereas in fact all they are getting is a diverting escapist evening. It is indicative of our times that escape is still occasionally disguised with some success as philosophy. It is even more indicative that the disguise is so often thought to be a necessary one. □

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

MUSKIE, *by Theo Lippman Jr. and Donald Hansen (Norton, 237 pp., $6.95).* The authors, two veteran newspapermen, obviously hope to help boost Edmund Muskie up toward the Presidency with this profile. Yet doubts about Muskie's character and political convictions keep peeping out around the paeanic corners. The key word when discussing convictions seems to be "flexible." In the mid-Sixties, Muskie was a hawkish "liberal cold warrior"; in the Seventies he emerges a dove. And the conversion wasn't gradual. At the Democratic Convention in '68 Muskie passionately attacked the minority "peace plank." In '69 he passionately attacked Nixon's Vietnam policy using terms straight from the peace plank. Then there's the pollution kick, Muskie's own thing. Is he sincere? Well, the Androscoggin River, flowing through Muskie's hometown, is "one of the ten most polluted rivers in the nation." And the authors can't quite refute the charge that in order to accommodate a friend's potato-processing plant, Muskie helped turn Aroostook's Prestile River from a first-class trout stream into an open sewer. And then there's the man himself, at times phlegmatic (they compare him with Calvin Coolidge), at others "potentially explosive," victimized by a "waspish temper." Muskie has "a temper that can approach the volcanic," and "his anger is often triggered by the trivial"—as when, for instance, he nearly hits his sister for winning at cards. I understand that sort of temper, owning one myself. I'd hate to see it in a President.

J. R. COYNE JR.

THE RISE OF WARREN GAMALIEL HARDING *—1865-1920, by Randolph C. Downes (Ohio State University Press, 734 pp., $17.50).* This is an outrageous book. For two decades, Professor Randolph Downes of the University of Toledo has been laboring on a definitive account of Harding's political career. The present volume, stopping at the doors of the White House, will be followed by *The Fall of Warren Gamaliel Harding*, carrying his career to his death. For future historians and specialists of the period, Professor Downes' monumental sifting and sorting of facts will prove indispensable. After it, there can scarcely be anything new to add to the story of Harding the politician. Why then is the book outrageous? Because the scholarly Professor Downes was forced by the pusillanimity of the Ohio State University Press to submit his manuscript to the capricious censorship of the present members of the Harding family, not only delaying publication unconscionably but forcing the elimination of several cogent features. With the greatest respect for Professor Downes, I suggest that the matter should be taken up by the American Historical Society.

F. RUSSELL

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(Continued from page 314)

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Thanks again and rest up for the Third Annual Delectations Competition in the late fall. □

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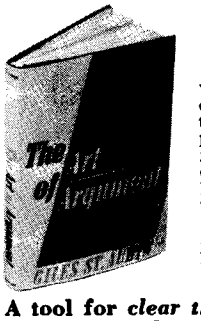

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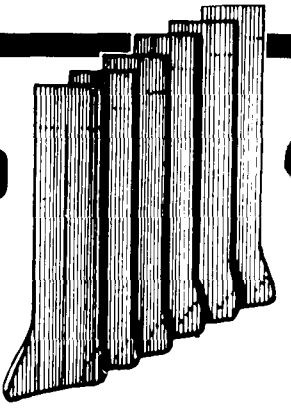

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THEODORACOPULOS
(Continued from page 312)

coalition, Mrs. Meir would have to rely on the four Arab deputies for parliamentary majorities, and their support seems most unlikely.

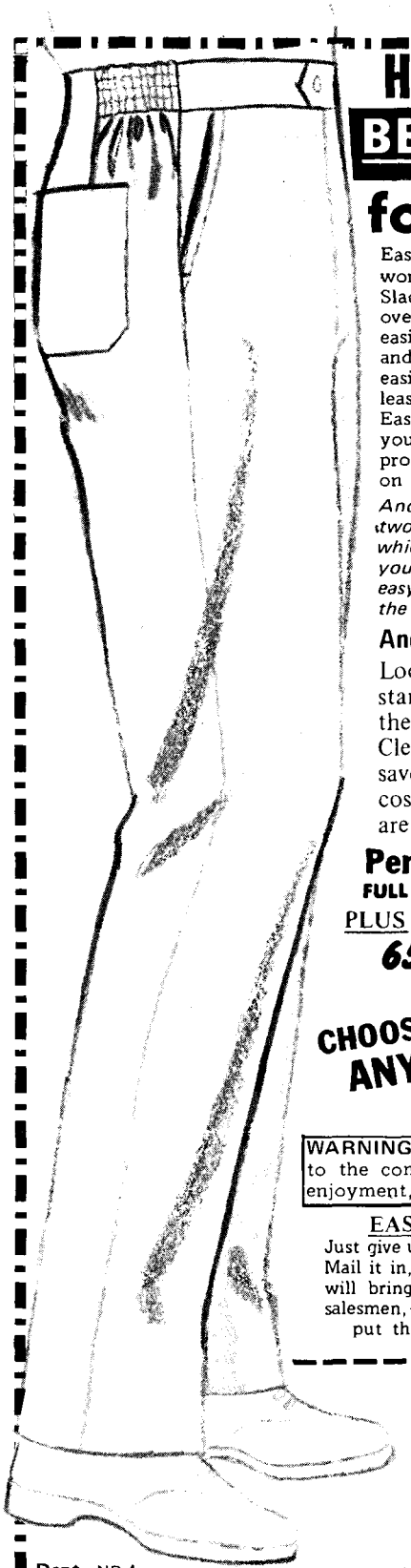
Jerusalem, like the West Bank, is also a major cause of controversy. The recently revealed plan to construct apartments capable of housing 75,000 Israelis in Jerusalem has set off a great debate, for it is part of a long-range attempt to exclude what is left of Jerusalem's Arab population from any real participation in government. "We seem to be sliding into creeping de facto annexation," says Professor Michael Bruno. "Creeping annexation, if you will. . . . We should be building up autonomous political entities within these areas and letting the Arabs handle more of their own affairs."

Finally there's the worry over the effect of withdrawal from the Sinai. Such a withdrawal from the Canal, Israel's best possible defense line against Egypt, would bring Israeli cities within range of Egyptian missiles, argues the military. Yet many observers feel that Israeli military superiority would neutralize the threat.

It is not really Egyptian military force that Israel fears, say the critics. Rather, it fears a rapprochement betwen Egypt and the United States. And there are signs that such a rapprochement may be taking place. In January alone there were three exchanges of letters between Presidents Sadat and Nixon. And Sadat is fond of recalling that in 1956 the United States forced its two closest allies, England and France, to withdraw from Egyptian soil.

Predicting the future is a perilous job, especially in the Middle East. But one thing is certain. While tensions remain high, the Soviet Union will be doing its best to extend its influence. Its long-term plans point toward the oil-rich gulf states, and gaining influence in these "emerging" shiekdoms. A Soviet squeeze on Western Europe's oil supply may be the ultimate objective. And if they succeed in that objective, it doesn't require a great deal of imagination to see a Western Europe completely "Finlandized."

President Sadat has alienated many powerful pro-Soviet Egyptians with his overtures to Israel and to the West. It would be a shame if Israeli indecisiveness were to end by pushing the remaining pro-Western Arabs into the Soviet camp. □



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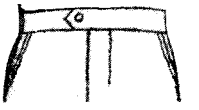

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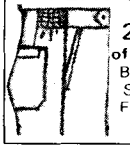

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Questions for Senator Javits

On The Right

New York, March 9—What does Senator Javits want? Or for that matter Senator Saxbe, let alone all the Democratic senators who are pounding away at Nixon because the South Vietnamese incursion into Laos is not being greeted by little girls strewing roses, and the surrender of the entire North Vietnamese army? Senator Javits is saying that if all United States forces aren't out of South Vietnam by the middle of 1972, Richard Nixon will lose the election. That is at once a prediction and a threat. As a prediction, it can be put alongside Javits' prediction in 1963 that Goldwater would not be nominated in 1964, and his prediction in 1966 that Richard Nixon would not be nominated in 1968. As a threat, it would appear that Javits et al. are asking far too many questions, and that the time has come to ask Javits some questions.

Question Number One. Does Senator Javits recommend the liquidation of the SEATO Treaty? That is the treaty that calls on the United States to give aid to the signatory nations in the event of armed aggression by another nation. It was extended, by codicil, to South Vietnam. Now Mr. Nixon's Vietnamization plan turned the United States in the proper direction, by specifying that aid should be, primarily, in the form of matériel, not American fighting men. But one cannot go from A to Z without passing through the alphabet. Mr. Nixon has met every deadline he promised in reducing the size of American troop involvement. But to commit himself to withdrawing all American troops means very simply to commit himself to undermining the SEATO Treaty. Because realistic aid cannot be given to South Vietnam, or to Cambodia, or Laos, or Thailand without the use of military personnel, for instance, to fly the airplanes, maintain the trucks and transport the troops. If Senator Javits means that no Americans should be left in South Vietnam after the summer of 1972, then he is saying that we should unilaterally rescind the SEATO Treaty. If that is what he means to say, let him say it. And let him, and the world, meditate the consequences of saying it. Senator Javits is precisely engaged in substantiating the doubts of Europeans—and of Israelis—who believe that the United States will not, in the crunch, discharge its obligations. Let all the leaders in Asia, and in Europe, and in the Middle East, unite in their distrust of American commitments, and we shall have the international chaos, followed by the gradual satellization of the free world, that Senator Javits is unlikely to associate himself with the causes of. And yet, as we have all been taught, who says A, must say B.

QUESTION NUMBER TWO. What is the role of the professional army? I mean, not the conscripts, whose ambiguous situation in South Vietnam is a principal cause of the general confusion: but the professional army, units of which we have maintained in Europe, and in Korea, and in Australia, for a dozen and more years? It is one thing to call on Mr. Nixon, as others (myself included) have done for eighteen months and more, to put a quick end to the program that sends to South Vietnam American draftees who do not want to go there. It is something else to declare that men who have voluntarily signed up to do duty in the Army, Air Force and Navy, shall not be quartered where the commander in chief believes they should be quartered, in order to maintain the scaffolding of our foreign policy. Does Mr. Javits distinguish between the two categories? There is no suggestion, anywhere, that he does.

Question Number Three. As we reduce, steadily, American casualties, toward the point where they consist of victims of the hazards of flying airplanes, and of manning ships and trucks, as necessary to support a fighting people whose own casualties continue to mount, where do we reach a moral equilibrium? If every American soldier who is killed or wounded in South Vietnam—in aid of a South Vietnamese operation whose feasibility grew out of an international treaty openly arrived at and endorsed by virtually every American senator at the time—comes from the ranks of Americans who voluntarily joined the armed services, don't we then have an entirely different moral problem from the one we had before? It is not the purpose of a professional armed force to direct itself toward suicide. But it is inherent in an armed force that in times of acute stress its members will be exposed, as policemen are exposed, to physical danger. Senator Javits, by his demagogic invocation of easy solutions ("get every American out of Southeast Asia by mid-1972") is asking that we get what we want for nothing. That we achieve international respect by renouncing our obligations; that we have peace in the world by renouncing the function of deterrent forces; that we impress the people of the world by indulging ourselves in betrayal. □

PROGRESS REPORT *New York*, March 11—In January I filed a constitutional lawsuit against the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists, asserting that the gentlemen who manage that union may not compel me to join it in order to be able to give my opinions over the air. Why? Because the First Amendment of the United States Constitution forbids the enactment of laws abridging the freedom of speech. The National Labor Relations Act is cited by AFTRA as permitting it to require membership even of news reporters and analysts, and the issue is joined. Stated syllogistically, if A forbids the enactment of B, and C proceeds as if B had been enacted, then it must follow either that C must be denied the misconstruction of B or else B must be declared unconstitutional.

I HAVE BEEN SURPRISED by the volume and consistency of support that my action has got, principally from newspaper editors. Of course there has been criticism, but most of it is tendentious. Mr. Frank Mankiewicz apparently accused me (appropriately enough on television) of "grandstanding." I wish to report that he is exactly correct: That is precisely what I am doing, by attempting to publicize a situation con-

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cerning which there has been insufficient indignation. Mr. Mankiewicz, who used to work for Bobby Kennedy, will perhaps sympathize, on thinking it over, with the necessity of calling to the attention of large groups of people undesirable situations.

On the legal point, I am of course deadly serious, and the best lawyers are engaged in pressing the constitutional point. The argument, raised by Mr. Michael Harrington, that the suit is frivolous because it was not brought before, is interesting. I do not claim that my moral reflexes are in perfect order. On the other hand, I don't remember that they criticized Martin Luther King for opposing bus segregation in Montgomery on the grounds that it hadn't been opposed before. For the rest, Mr. Harrington does a threnody on the economic security of labor unions, which he sees as the first order of business, and why shouldn't he? He is chairman of the Socialist Party of the United States, and doing a distinguished job of expressing the Socialists' traditional impatience with individual rights that inconvenience collectivist policies.

THEN THERE is the American Civil Liberties Union. I invited the ACLU to practice consistency by associating itself even with a lawsuit which would prove unpopular among its labor-union supporters. The executive director, Mr. Aryeh Neier, has replied, rather straightforwardly I think. He says, "for many years, it has been the ACLU's policy that the union shop does not by itself, violate civil liberties. I have felt for some time that we should review this policy and I will use your request to initiate reconsideration," going on to say that it will take a while to canvass the directors. One hopes that the directors of the ACLU will understand that there is a difference between the union shop as practiced, say, among steelworkers, and as practiced among newsmen. I do not disparage the rights of steelworkers. I merely observe that freedom of speech is singled out for protection in the Bill of Rights.

And then I got word, through *Newsweek* Magazine, that Eric Sevareid of CBS had sent my brief over to his lawyer for "evaluation." Mr. Sevareid said that he was "glad" that I was pursuing the matter, and of course I await eagerly his lawyer's evaluation, since I would welcome Brother Sevareid as a co-plaintiff. Which reminds me that I have not heard from two or three other prominent enthusiasts for the Bill of Rights to my letter inviting them aboard. But I wrote only a month ago, and these things take time.

Meanwhile, I learned over the telephone that my distinguished friend and colleague, the author and columnist James Jackson Kilpatrick, is also an involuntary member of AFTRA, and has registered his willingness to file along with me. With pleasure and pride in the association, I make way for Buckley and Kilpatrick *versus* AFTRA. I urge my liberal friends to hurry, as soon there may be standing room only, and I like for my guests to be comfortable. □

AN ALTERNATIVE

Rougemont, Switzerland, March 14 — The left-crazies have dominated the college scene, and therefore the news, and for the moment there is surcease, a good moment to remark that the Right, in the college world, lives, and even has fun. The whole nation knows about the activities of the Young Americans for Freedom, the right-action group which during the last few years was the nearest thing to a fly-wheel in the campus world. There is also, here and there, a right-movement of a slightly offbeat nature, like the Party of the Right at Yale, whose members must know how to toast the succession of English monarchs, from Ethelred to the incumbent. By far the most interesting of these is the flock of students and graduate students who cluster about R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr., and publish one of the most amusing and outrageous and interesting student journals in America. I notice that the current issue has a special introductory offer, showing an old rake trying to embrace a young wench. The caption is: ". . . but Greta . . . for my ancient title, my ten thousand serfs, and my subscription to the *Alternative*. . . ." And then the offer: "Now, for the first time, this great journal of opinion will send a one-year subscription to any student or faculty member for the reasonable price of 50 cents. All others unfortunately still must pay $4 —at least until our CIA grant slips through." The address is Rural Route 11, Box 360, Bloomington, Indiana 47401: have fun.

The style is a sort of Liberated-Disrespectful, absorbing no doubt much that the Left has done in consecrating iconoclasm, and reflecting the hunger of the American college student for a little anti-left-cliché liberation. The lead editorial in a current issue examines the Scranton Commission's Report on Campus Unrest, of which a sample: "After enjoining a team of brilliantly idealistic young researchers (average age: thirteen years, age range: seven months to ninety-three years) to analyze that three hundred-page document for the past three months, I now have their conclusions before me, and you will be relieved to hear that I intend to have the Right Honorable Mr. Scranton prosecuted as a common nuisance. Further I urge that the rest of the disgusting nitwits who aided and abetted him while serving as fellow commissioners be prosecuted for graft. And if we cannot find a public spirited hangman, let the authorities deport those scoundrels to Northern Ireland or a pleasantly contaminated atomic test site. . . ." If you see what I mean.

There is an article on the radical youth in France, which makes excellent and timely observations, reviews of John Coyne's *The Kumquat Statement* and Steven Kelman's *Push Comes to Shove*. The review of the plight of John F. Kennedy College is written by Lawrence D. Pratt, who is identified as "a practicing ontologist and encounter group mullah of the Moon Mullins Study Group." There is an article of advice for freshmen: "First of all, freshmen must realize that the university is a bureaucracy. The university's most important operational principle, like that of any bureaucracy, is self-perpetuation. There is no goal so large, no obstacle so great, that it cannot be sacrificed to achieve institutional permanence . . ."

THERE IS A LIST of Christmas gifts and citations. To Richard Nixon, a success . . . some success . . . any success. To Charles Reich—the greening of America. To America—the greening of Charles Reich. To J. W. Fulbright—the *New York Times*' "Man of the Year Award" for his courageous and consistent stand against non-whites in South Vietnam and non-whites in the South. To the United Nations—Communist China. To Communist China—the United Nations. To the John Birch Society—tooth decay [due to their prolonged refusal to use fluoridated water]. To the F-111—wings, or anything that will make it fly. To high-minded public servants—low pay. To the Gay Liberation Front—Puerto Rico.

The young editor writes me, "perhaps our paths will cross while you are in Europe. I shall be spending the middle weeks of February in Germany at the celebrated Bavarian Peanut Festival in the rustic town of Phlegm. It is one of the few luxuries I afford myself." The *Alternative* is one of the few luxuries you can indulge yourself, to be reminded of the brawling tradition of academic and undergraduate forensic art, and the happy discovery that the other side is very very vulnerable to student wit. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A Trojan elder who counseled Priam — 19 118 163 207 214 193 202 216 3

B. Protective coverings for winter (not for Irishmen!) — 48 101 1 16 21 51 99 178 171 200 210

C. The result — 57 170 27 124 174 218

D. A German physicist (1803-1877) — 69 177 139 126 111 152 39 46 103

E. An Austrian statesman (1773-1859) — 109 20 47 74 86 147 162 186 5 135

F. A man who pinch-hits for Jews and Christians on their holidays — 136 197 209 219 50 29 203

G. Unscramble ELEVEN LAVED — 142 17 40 62 129 105 95 184 204 54 70

H. The period during which a stored commodity remains suitable for consumption — 185 179 112 100 68 8 53 130 140

I. First name of late foe of Republicans and sinners — 12 25 30 34 80

J. Intense homesickness — 189 43 82 88 108 115 194 215 4 35

K. Unscramble STALE THEME — 211 89 49 26 107 33 41 138 2 59

L. One whose slogan ought to be "Do it now!" — 223 32 44 63 52 79 110 117 125 137 143

M. This place of eternal cold is ruled over by Hel — 36 55 132 168 183 141 119 176

N. A session in which a group of patients discusses their problems in an attempt to solve them — 121 14 188 60 77 85 66 90 145 161 167 9

O. A shape having an irregular contour — 38 64 67 71 190 45 76 87

P. *Iris tectorum* — 191 166 175 13 148 220 212 84

Q. Thick shells which protect the winter eggs of cladocera — 205 221 133 155 182 208 131 6

R. A German mathematician (1823-1852) — 15 24 37 75 92 113 151 165 201 217

S. An explanation added at the conclusion of a chapter — 31 18 56 73 199 10 144

T. A ribbon-shaped pasta — 61 198 122 93 7 81

U. Where the utmost branches are — 65 222 116 134 156 159 22

V. What Charles Lamb did (at least he tried) — 72 149 224 58 28 106 97

W. To withstand — 104 150 127 94 187 157

X. Alexander's surname (or his title) — 164 114 146 225

Y. Denied — 78 169 123 98 213 180 42

Z. An open space between the inner and outer shells of a cupola — 91 120 173 192 23 153 158 181 206

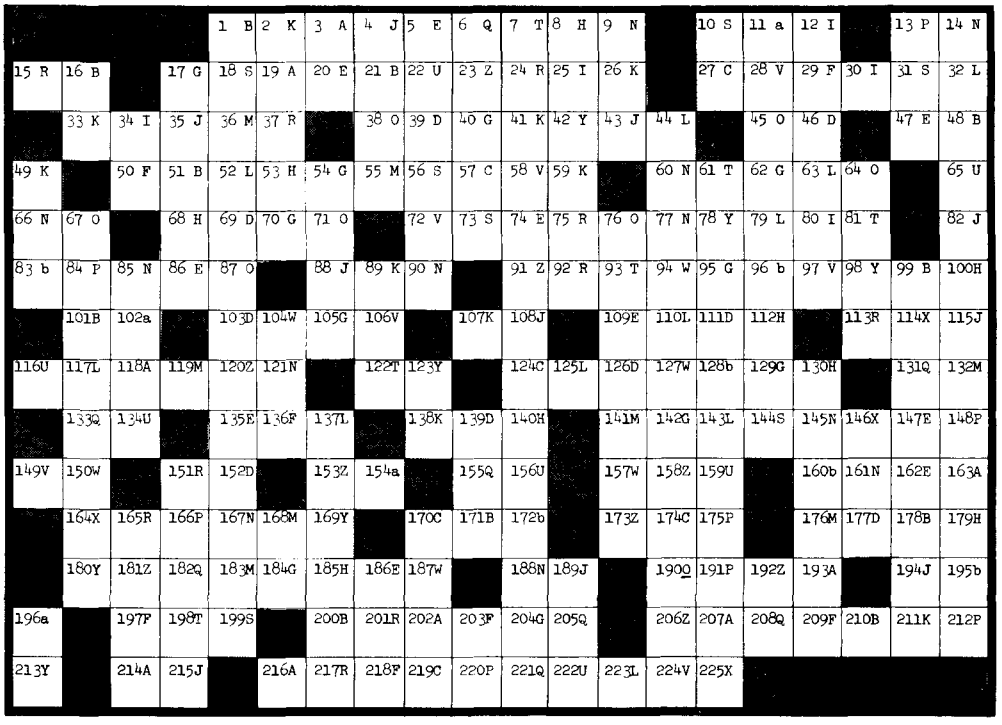
a. What the horses have to be before racing — 102 11 154 196

b. "Pilate and Herod . . . before . . . were at — between themselves." — 128 195 160 96 172 83

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 328 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram



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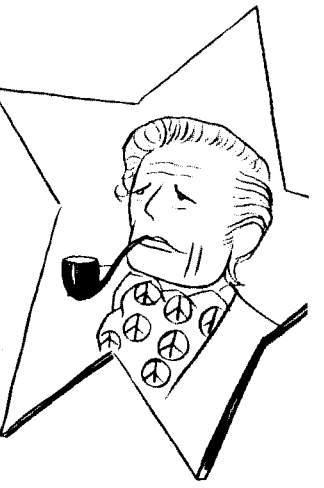

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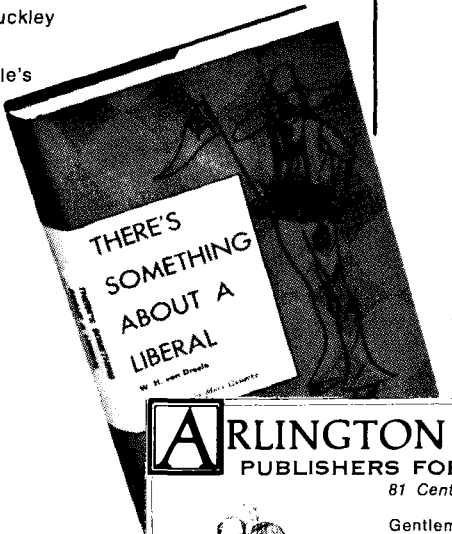

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Sometimes they sweat; sometimes they freeze.
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And what a groove it was to watch
The weirdos get it in the crotch.

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We had in New York City . . .
The mice were big as melons, and
The rats attacked my kitty.
Park Avenue was perfumed with
A most peculiar fragrance.
(Some say it should be bottled, since
It kept away the vagrants.)
Thank goodness I discovered a
Procedure to control it!
I locked my garbage in my car
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I wondered: would he call for faith
Or simply summon in the wreckers?
I half expected "Edward VIII"
But wound up contemplating "Checkers."

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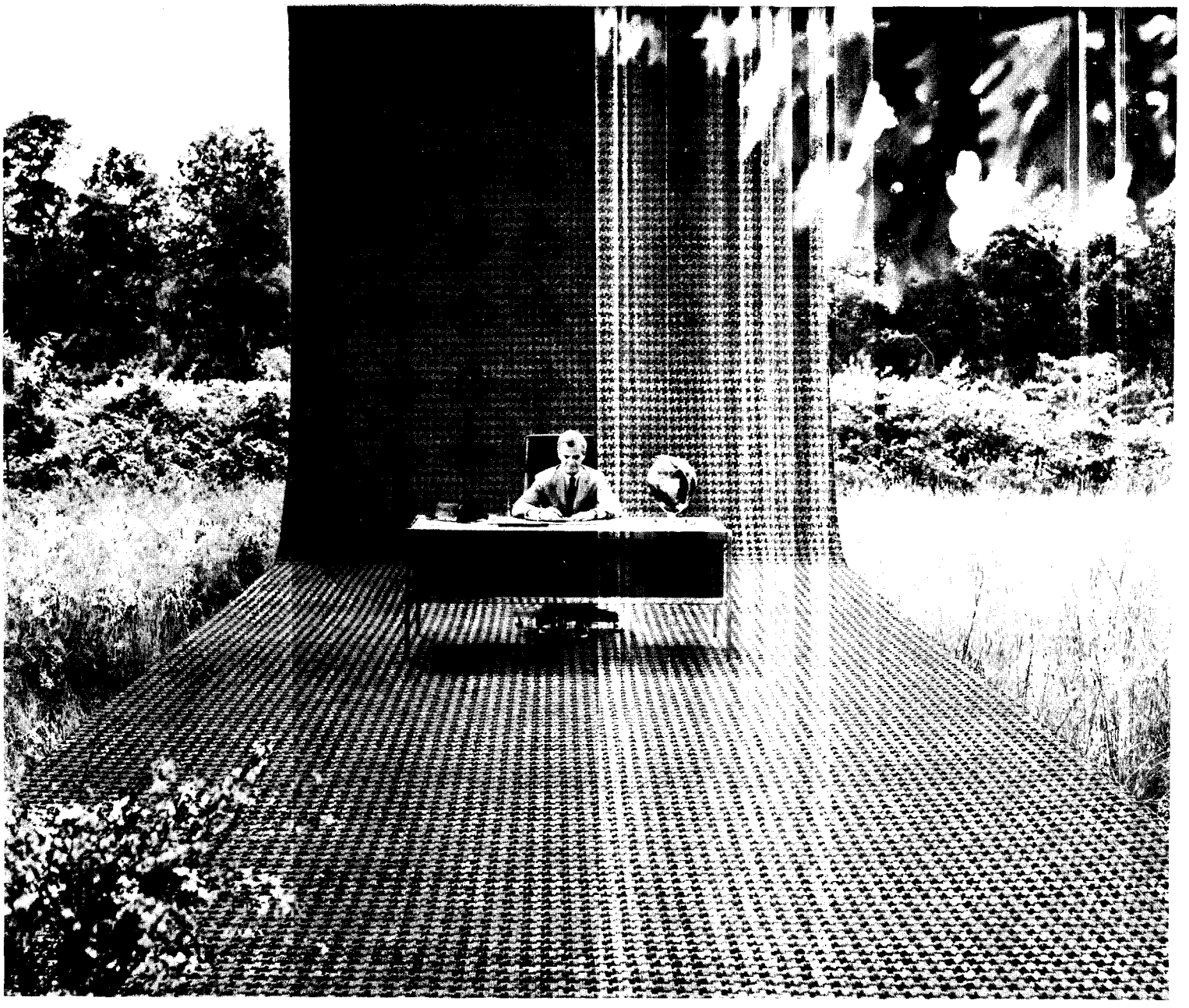

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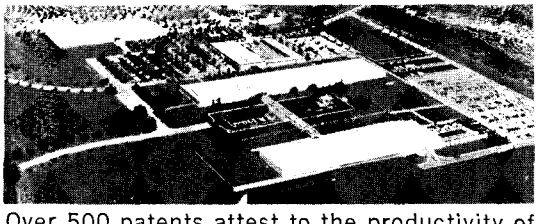

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